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NEW STATESMAN

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Contents

2 **Mr Atkins & the H Blocks:** Mary Holland
Cunard climbdown: Rob Rohrer
3 **Lessons from *Le Monde:*** Jane Jessel
Heseltine's phoney figures: Steve Schifferes
Knockout at Tory conference
4 **Electoral college manoeuvres:** Patrick Wintour
5 ***Labour's unsatisfactory choice:*** Peter Kellner
6 **Target Britain: the unknown US bases:** Duncan Campbell
10 **Secret deal on US bases in Greece:** Claudia Wright
12 **Top ten censored US news stories:** Martin Bailey
13 **Mental health and human rights:** Francis Wheen
14 **London Diary:** Bruce Page
15 **Letters to the editor**
16 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

17 **William Faulkner's previously uncollected stories:** Hermione Lee
18 **Two views of John Berger's art criticism:** John Spurling & Peter Fuller
20 **Extract from a new narrative poem:** John Fuller
21 **Tynan's last essays:** Helen McNeil
22 **The politics of the inner city:** Michael Harloe
23 **Tillie Olsen:** Bill Buford
24 **Naipaul on Jim Jones:** John Coleman
25 **Contemporary militarism:** Denys Blakeway
26 **New fiction:** Brian Martin
27 **Doctorow's latest novel:** Nicholas Shrimpton
28 **Lawrence Durrell: his Taoism and his poetry:** David Sweetman
29 **The Pye Radio Awards:** Anne Karpf
29 **Recent rock records:** Mark Kidel
30 **The original, four-act Importance of Being Earnest:** Benedict Nightingale
31 **Sir Henry and Wholly Moses!:** John Coleman
31 **Weekend Competition**
32 **Chess and Crossword**

Cover montage by Michael Bennett

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'Confused' Mr Atkins bungled H-block deal

Mary Holland reports on a compromise which could prove fatal

THE GOVERNMENT'S negotiations over the H Block hunger strikers has managed to mobilise the largest demonstrations which have been seen in Catholic areas of Northern Ireland since the early Seventies, while at the same time enraging Protestant opinion in the Province. Unless something is done quickly to defuse the situation, violence will escalate on the streets of Belfast and Derry, and a new bombing campaign on the British mainland cannot be ruled out.

The ineptitude of Mr Humphrey Atkins and his advisers in the latter half of last week seemed incredible at the time, and since then the impression has been growing that the Secretary of State is 'a worried and confused politician not in control, of the situation', to quote the Unionist MP Mr Harold McCusker.

It had been known for some time that members of the Catholic hierarchy, fearful of the effect of a hunger strike on their own community, had been engaged in prolonged negotiations with the Northern Ireland Office to try to prevent it. Central to these negotiations was the issue of allowing the IRA prisoners on the 'dirty strike' in Long Kesh to wear their own clothes. It had also been tacitly admitted that, since the prisoners had dropped their formal demand for 'political status', some compromise could be reached fairly easily on the other demands, such as the right not to do prison work and to free association.

After last Thursday's cabinet meeting it was announced that in future all prisoners in Northern Ireland would be allowed to wear civilian clothes, and queries to the Northern Ireland Office confirmed this. The response of Unionist politicians was one of predictable anger about compromising with terrorists. In particular, the Reverand Ian Paisley threatened to break off talks on the government's current political proposals. Faced with this possibility, the Northern Ireland Office backed down and said that it had never been intended that Republican prisoners would be allowed to wear their own clothes, that non prison clothing in this context meant 'civilian type' garb issued by the prison authorities. This was unacceptable to the prisoners, whose demand had always been to wear their own clothing.

The result has been a predictable 'no win' for the Secretary of State. Protestants now believe that he is prepared to do deals with the Provisional IRA, while Catholics think that, having reached a humane compromise to avert the possibility of prisoners committing suicide, he has been frightened by the Reverend Ian Paisley into going back on his word.

Cost of NUS blockade prompts Cunard climb-down

Rob Rohrer writes: The prospect of Cunard's lately profitable cargo fleet being blockaded in British ports has been the deciding factor in weakening Lord Matthews' resolve to sail his company's cruise ships under the Bahamian flag of convenience. But a decision to keep the 17,000 ton *Cunard Countess* — still strikebound in Barbados — patriotically flying the Red Ensign is unlikely to prevent Monday's one day shipping strike by the National Union of Seamen. The strike, and the NUS tactic of stranding every British crewed Cunard vessel in port, is against Cunard's attempt to register passenger ships under flags of convenience and employ cheap, Caribbean labour. (Some concessionaire's staff on the *Cunard Princess* already receive barely $50 a month). Cunard claim that costs — inflated by sterling's strength — would be reduced by £4.5 million.

Cunard began their 'flagging out' provocatively — sacking 120 crew members who refused to sail the *Countess* from Bridgetown and attempting to starve them into disembarking by closing the ship's galleys. Last week Matthews, deputy chairman of Trafalgar House, which owns Cunard, vowed: 'There is no way these ships are going to fly the UK flag'. Before that he uttered his preference to sell them, QE2 and all, rather than submit to the NUS. Union negotiations, however, have seen a different man this week.

Cunard's pressing worry is that they have seven more vessels due in British waters before 9 November — bound for Southampton and Merseyside. Apart from the *Countess*, four other Cunard ships are already trapped in Holland, Southampton and Sheerness. Matthews appreciates that within a fortnight nearly half of the 29 vessel fleet could be detained at British berths. In this country the International Transport Workers Federation have repeatedly demonstrated how telling blockades can be in forcing flag of convenience operators to re-negotiate wage levels and pay back wages. Last year they recouped around £6 million from more than 200 blockades.

Hence, perhaps, Cunard's apparent willingness to reconsider. In return for the *Countess* remaining under the British flag the NUS may allow the *Princess*, for the time being, to continue flying the Bahamian flag hoisted last Sunday as she steamed out of Puerto Rica. If, as seems a near certainty, the NUS requests ITF member unions to black the ship, Cunard's troubles will drag on even though its cargo fleet will be free to sail.

At the quayside and in the High Court the ITF's campaign against flags of convenience operators has outflanked many of the world's largest shipowners. Next week, shipowner Daniel K. Ludwig will ask the House of Lords for permission to contest the ITF's recent Appeal Court successes: in 1978 Ludwig's Liberian flag *Universe Sentinel* was caught at Milford Haven and forced to pay £35,000 in back wages, while promising £200,000 more.

By precipitating Monday's NUS strike Matthews appears to have upset other British shipowners. They have 'cursed Cunard', according to one union official, because the NUS can begin national wage negotiations next week hopeful that Cunard's belligerence, followed by retreat, will have enthused its scattered membership.

NEXT WEEK

WOMEN WORKERS AND UNION POWER: At a time when women's jobs and earning power are under increasing threat, they are still a silent voice in the trade union movement. Why don't women wield power in the unions? Who or what is to blame? What do working women really think about the unions? Report by Anna Coote.

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Could Rees-Mogg learn a lesson from *Le Monde*

Jane Jessel writes from Paris: The Editor of *The Times* has proposed the establishment of a consortium of management and journalists to run Britain's top people's newspaper. Inevitably such a group would consider the experiences of France's most influential daily, *Le Monde,* which has been managed cooperatively for thirty years.

Le Monde was founded in 1944 at the instigation of General de Gaulle — who was head of the provisional government after the liberation — to replace the prewar establishment daily *Le Temps,* which had been closed down for continuing publication during the German occupation. De Gaulle named Hubert Beuve-Mery, an eminent former foreign correspondent with whom he had worked in the Resistance, as the new paper's director (a post combining the role of editor with additional management responsibilities). Since then, *Le Monde* has built up a formidable reputation. It is renowned for its independence, objectivity, weighty news reports and lengthy authoritative features, and its severe layout, unbroken by photographs. An evening paper, its circulation is around 450,000 making it France's third highest circulating daily (after *Ouest-France,* a provincial paper, and the other national evening paper, *France Soir).* It more or less breaks even, making a small profit most years.

It is also well-known for its co-operative management structure, which since 1950 has given employees a large say in the running of the paper. Staff own a substantial, but not controlling interest: journalists have 40 per cent of votes on the board, other staff nine per cent. The director and a senior manager, plus outside shareholders, account for the other 51 per cent. Editorial staff influence policy, which is discussed and shaped at fortnightly editorial meetings.

Perhaps the most concrete example of worker participation at *Le Monde* occurred earlier this year, when the journalists elected a new director to succeed Jacques Fauvet, who took over from Beuve-Mery in 1969 and is due to retire at the end of 1982. Non-journalistic staff agreed to leave the choice of director to the journalists, so long as the successful candidate received at least 60 per cent of the vote. At

Le Monde

Le sort des otages américains

• Les partisans d'une libération sont majoritaires au Parlement de Téhéran

• Bagdad accuse Washington de fournir des armes

La tension entre Tokyo et l'Europe

La Commission de Bruxelles invite une nouvelle fois le Japon à limiter ses exportations

the first election in February, none of the four candidates achieved this; at the second, in June, an appointment was made. On 1 January 1983, Claude Julien, currently editor of *Le Monde Diplomatique,* one of the paper's four supplementary publications will become the third director.

In common with other French papers, *Le Monde* aims to introduce photocomposition printing techniques, but it still employs a large number of traditional print workers. The French unions have recognised that the change is inevitable: 'We can't avoid the new technology — what we can do is to prevent unemployment,' is how a union representative summed it up. Under an agreement signed in 1976 by the French print union, the Syndicat du Livre, and Paris newspaper publishers, every printer then employed in Paris was guaranteed a job until retirement or voluntary redundancy — though no additional workers would enter the industry. *Le Monde* is sticking faithfully to the agreement — though other newspaper owners have not been so reliable. For instance Robert Hersant, owner of *France Soir* and the national daily *Figaro* among others, simply closed down his old presses in Paris, and set up a modernised plant just outside the capital, where different rules apply.

There are basic differences, as well as similarities, between *Le Monde* and *The Times.* The French newspaper developed its co-operative structure early in its development, and has never passed through the ownership of rich men. No other newspaper is remotely like it, so it faces no direct competition. Two attempts to set up a rival have failed: the more recent, in 1978, lasted only two months. A long-established newspaper like *The Times* might find it difficult to change so fundamentally its system of management; and would the editor readily stand for election to his post?

The phoney figures behind Heseltine's housing freeze

Steve Schifferes writes: This time last year the Government announced cuts to the housing programme because of *underspending;* last week it announced a complete freeze on all capital spending because of *overspending.* In fact, this latest freeze has little to do with overspending and everything to do with Treasury pressure for further public spending cuts. What is more, the Government has decided to change the rules for Housing Investment Programmes to ensure underspending in the future.

Ever since HIPs were introduced after the 1976 IMF cuts, it has been clear that yearly cash limits lead to underspending (as councils cannot always fit their capital spending neatly into one year). To account for this, 10 per cent of total spending has been allowed to be carried forward from year to year ('tolerance'). This year, due to the severity of the February cuts, many more councils chose to carry forward some unspent money from last year to make up the shortfall. It is this £180 million that the Government is now claiming back as 'overspending'.

Even this amount of overspending is wholly hypothetical since it is based on what councils have said they are going to try to spend rather than on what they have actually spent. In *every* year since the introduction of HIPs, councils have fallen short (often by more than eight per cent) of their projections — i.e. they have spent less than they have planned. Thus, there was every likelihood that even where councils had carried forward 'tolerance' money, their capital spending would have ended up within the cash limits by the end of the year — without Heseltine imposing any freeze.

Instead, by freezing all capital projects (including improvement) the Environment Secretary has ensured that there will be further 'unplanned' reductions in the already meagre housing programme — because the dislocation will be very difficult to repair, even after a short moratorium. Any pretence of meeting real housing need has been submerged in a desperate search for further administrative mechanisms to destroy what is left of the programme without taking public responsibility.

What happened to the man who shouted at Maggie

One small paragraph (right), far down in a *Times* report on 11 October, headed 'Mrs Thatcher insists she will not give way on economic policy' was all the public attention received by a violent police attack on a demonstrator at the Tory conference. Michael Carver, whose deposition we print here in a slightly shortened form, would no doubt be dismissed by most Conservatives as a member of 'Rentacrowd', but his actions cannot possibly justify his being knocked unconscious for at least 15 minutes and left without medical aid. Concussion is highly dangerous. The matter will be raised in Parliament this week by Lord Bruce of Donnington.

Given 4 observers' passes for Tory party conference by a man in the demonstration on the seafront. Didn't know him. He suggested a few of us go in and heckle Thatcher about unemployment. I gave passes to other people who were also reasonably respectably dressed and might expect to be able to get in and stay in for a while.

Inside, no seats, people standing, too crowded, so moved to the top of the left gangway. Had to stay there through a financial appeal, applauded and laughed at 'jokes' to appear to be part of things.

We had agreed we would wait until Thatcher had been speaking for a few minutes before making our protest. After a few minutes I heard someone shouting somewhere else in the hall and assumed it was one of the others so I started to walk down the gangway towards the front shouting about unemployment, jobs, the right to work. I have the impression that I got about one third to half-way down the aisle and then I was stopped and my last recollection there is of a confusion of arms and my head approaching the floor. I recall saying something along the lines of 'there's no need to do that' i.e. knock me over. I did not offer any violence to anyone, I merely shouted a protest about unemployment.

I have no recollection of being taken from the hall, or the journey to the police station. I regained consciousness in the room in the police station where people were having their details taken down. I then saw a plain clothes (I assume) police officer to whom I said 'I know you from somewhere'. I now think the somewhere must have been the conference hall. He made some remark about me having enjoyed myself or similar, I said hardly or similar and he said 'well, you were applauding', in other words he had been watching me inside the hall before I started shouting.

Whilst giving these details (name, address, etc) they did *not* ask me if I wished to see a doctor, though I didn't ask for one, but I was pretty groggy. I was fingerprinted and photographed and signed a form which I suppose was giving them permission to do this, though I was too dazed to resist. Had I not been knocked out I might have refused to give any information without being charged. They asked if I wanted a phone call made to a solicitor and I said Yes. They claimed later that they made the call, but didn't even then let me make a call.

I have no idea of time, except that I must have been removed from the conference at about 2.40. I was taken out and questioned, first by one plain clothes office alone, then with another taking notes. I complained about not having been allowed to speak to a lawyer, and by this time it was 5.45pm so offices would be closed. I also questioned whether I should have to answer without being charged, but I cooperated to avoid being kept there overnight.

The cell was cold. I fell asleep before being interviewed and again afterwards. I had a splitting headache all this time but I didn't ask to see a doctor as it seemed we might get out soon.

When we were let out I said I went to the hospital (Royal Sussex) to be checked over. They kept me in overnight for observation, as is their policy if people have been knocked out, but released me as ok on Saturday morning.

It is now Wednesday and I still have a headache. I had very tender spots just above the right temple, behind the left ear, right hand side of the jaw, tight leg, right side of the chest, lower left ribs and left hip.

Mrs Margaret Thatcher barely missed a beat: "Never mind, it's wet outside. You can't blame them; it's always better where the Tories are."

By that time one young man near me was being dragged from the hall unconscious after a pounding on the floor of the central aisle by security men in plain clothes and some Conservatives, including women.

Mrs Thatcher opened and closed her speech by invoking

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LABOUR 1 LEADERSHIP

Patrick Wintour on electoral college manoeuvring

Playing the percentage game

WHOEVER LABOUR MPs elect as their leader in the next fortnight will not taste unchallenged power for long. A wider franchise, or what Tony Benn ominously calls 'the legitimate election', faces the victor in March. In practice, if Foot wins this time, or if Healey wins by a clear margin, the new college will probably endorse the MPs' choice. But if Healey wins narrowly — and on one union calculation that requires a majority of five or less in the final round — then the left will feel that MPs are sufficiently evenly divided for it to try seriously to unseat him.

Currently every union head office, political pressure group and self-important politician is touting its particular proposal round town in an attempt to patch together the majority that was so elusive at Blackpool. Ultimately, however, the debate reduces to two sides and three issues. The two sides are recognisably the left and right within the constituencies, unions and national executive; the three issues are: what should the arithmetic of the new electoral college be?, should the franchise extend to all party members or just activists? and how can the party ensure that exactly one proposal — neither more nor less — is in fact approved at the party's special conference in January?

On the left, Clive Jenkins of ASTMS has emerged as the main union power-broker. He is now circulating a paper to union colleagues listing three options: a) a third of the total vote each to MPs, unions, and constituencies; b) 40 per cent to the unions and 30 per cent each to the PLP and the constituencies; c) 40 per cent to the PLP, and 30 per cent each to the unions and the constituencies. The first two were proposals put to, and defeated by, the conference in Blackpool, but the rules allow them to be put forward again.

The ASTMS executive might favour option b, while the much larger Transport and General Workers Union may be attracted by the apparent equality of option a.

On the left the calculations that are being made involve a rare mixture of principle, psephology and arm-twisting. The most common assumption is that if Labour MPs get around 50 per cent of the votes of an electoral college, they will in practice even with reselection be able to exercise a veto over a left candidate favoured by the constituencies and some unions. The fewer votes the MPs have, the greater the left's chances — but the greater too is the risk that MPs will declare UDI and refuse to recognise the college's leader as their own. As one MP contemptuously put it, the college would be left to choose a 'glorified and democratised Ron Howard.' The Mobilising Committee, an umbrella organisation for the main groups that have been pressing for a wider leadership franchise, decided this week to unite behind what is virtually Clive Jenkins's option b: 38 per cent to the unions, two per cent to Socialist societies, and 30 per cent to the PLP and the constituencies.

FOR MOST OF their discussions the Mobilising Committee was acting on the grandiosely named 'Five Principles', or, more disparagingly, the Five Obstacles: the election of the leader should be annual; there should be direct voting at the college; two-thirds of the votes should go to the constituencies and the unions, with the constituencies' vote not exceeding that of the MPs; all the votes should be recorded and published; and there should be full procedures to replace a leader in case he falls under a bus or decides to form a national government.

Most of these principles have been incorporated in a paper by the left-wing MP Jo Richardson, and supported this week by the national executive. In her proposal, both the leader and his deputy would be elected by the college all nominees would first need the support of 20 MPs (to prevent the system from being clogged up by favourite 'local sons') MPs will need to attend in person to vote; and something the party right are against, the election would be by exhaustive ballot — allowing for tactical switches between rounds.

Jo Richardson's proposals avoid suggesting proportions for the college, and ostensibly take the form of guidance for constituencies on how to frame their constitutional amendments to be debated in January. However, the advice is a pretty broad hint to the constituencies. Together with the Mobilising Committee's agreed stand on proportions, it gives the left an unusual semblance of unity.
unusual semblance of unity as it lobbies for votes in the run-up to the special conference.

BY COMPARISON, the right-wing looks to be in pretty motley shape. It has no agreed strategy yet on whether to seek a reversion to the status quo, or to accept the principle of change but minimise its impact. Sir John Boyd of the engineers' union has proposed giving 80 per cent of the vote to MPs; other right-wing unions have suggested 60 per cent.

Two more fully considered proposals are beginning to circulate among some right-wing unions such as the clerical workers, APEX. Both start from the premise that the college should give equal weight to the Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary party; MPs would thus have 50 per cent of the votes.

Where the proposals differ is over how to wield the other 50 per cent. The first proposal suggests 25 per cent each for unions and constituencies. The second is more radical. It suggests eliminating the union block vote from the leadership election, and instead giving individual party members one vote each.

Such a proposal raises delicate issues. On the one hand, right-wing unions want to minimise the influence of constituency general management committees. On the other hand, it is manifestly absurd to enfranchise individual party members in the constituencies without also dismantling the unions' own block votes. It is a shrewd calculation by some right-wing unionists that their interests, as well as the cause of democratic principle, would be served better by breaking up the power of the GMC than by preserving their own block votes.

The right-wing Campaign for Labour Victory, which is closely linked to the 'Gang of Three', seemed at the weekend to be moving towards yet another variant: a leader elected exclusively by individual party members. The special roles of the PLP and the union block votes would both be eliminated.

David Basnett's GMWU voted against extending the franchise at Blackpool, but is now most likely to support a 50-25-25 solution. If it does, and the right-wing unions also accept that split, the vote in January between left and right could be very close. It is even possible that, once more, no single proposal will win a majority. One of the national executive's more acute problems will be to prevent such a fiasco. Already agile constitutional minds are working at how to ensure that a decision is in fact reached. One not entirely fanciful idea is that an exhaustive ballot is used not just to choose the party's leader, but also to decide the nature of an electoral college. It will be a minor miracle if the January conference does not drown under an ocean of points of order.

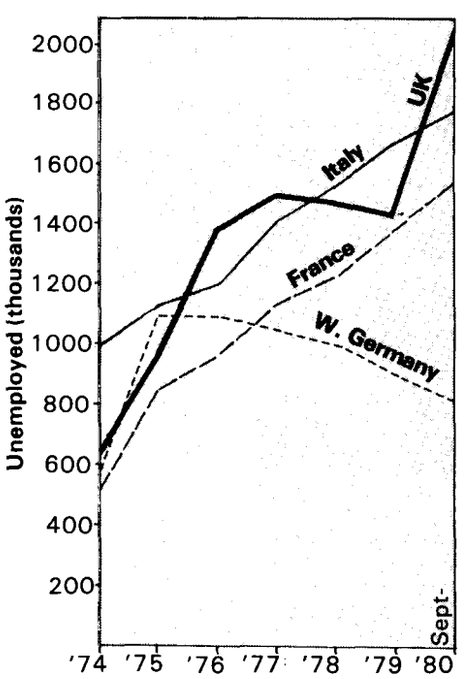
Soaring UK dole queue

DURING HIS interrogation by MPs on the Treasury Select Committee on Monday, Sir Geoffrey Howe repeatedly linked Britain's recent jump in unemployment to the world recession: all western countries, he said, faced the same problem.

Not so. True, the EEC's latest analysis of unemployment in western Europe* shows that the number out of work in the nine member states has just exceeded seven million for the first time since the war. But, as our chart shows, Britain's figures have recently been rising much faster than anyone else's.

After the 1973 oil crisis, unemployment rose significantly everywhere. Then, between 1977 and 1979, modest falls in Britain and West Germany broadly balanced continued modest increases elsewhere. Since last year, however, Britain is the only major EEC country whose unemployment level has veered sharply away from the 1977-79 trend. In the past twelve months Britain's unemployment has risen by 695,000, or 51 per cent. Among the other eight EEC countries, the total rise has been 450,000, or just ten per cent.

Statistical Office of the European Communities, Luxembourg B.P. 1907.



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LABOUR 2 LEADERSHIP

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

The importance of not being Denis

IT WOULD BE so much easier if the contest for the Labour Party leadership could be expressed in ready symbols of good and evil — a contest, say, between Keir Hardie and Winston Churchill, or Arthur Marshall and the Post Office, or Arsenal and Tottenham. We could cheer our side and heckle theirs with a clear conscience. Unfortunately it is not like that; and except for the most partisan MPs, it is striking how little real enthusiasm the present battle has generated.

In one sense that is not surprising: the character of the debate among the camp followers matches the characters of the candidates: grey, inconsistent and ideologically barren. 'Don't vote for Denis Healey', some left-wingers were saying two weeks ago, 'he's 63, which is too old'. Then up popped Michael Foot, to the accompaniment of much embarrassed shoe-shuffling by supposedly anti-geriatric Tribunites.

But in a way the lack of enthusiasm is rather odd. Much passion is being generated by the rights and wrongs of MPs choosing a leader on their own. On both sides that passion carries with it an assumption that the choice matters — that if A gets the job, paradise is but an election away; whereas if B gets it, the party will be destroyed. Yet at the same time, the choice presented to MPs belies that notion. Neither Tony Benn nor William Rodgers is standing. The contest is essentially between surrogates: Michael Foot pretending to be left-wing versus Denis Healey pretending to be a social democrat.

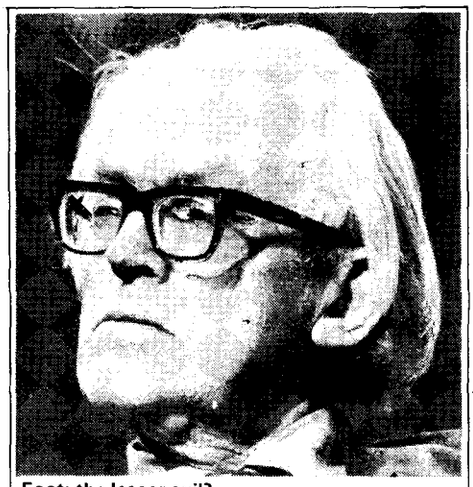
If anyone thinks that is a decisive battle to settle the future direction of the party — whether fought solely within the Parliamentary Labour Party, or whether slogged out in an electoral college — let them define the positions the two men took during the last Labour Government on incomes policy, public spending, industrial strategy, and human rights. I will offer a fiver to the first person who, with chapter and verse, can show any fundamental differences; and I think my money is safe.

YET A CHOICE, unsatisfactory though the options are, has to be made. Is there one candidate who is less unappetising than the others? Denis Healey will certainly obtain more first round votes than anyone else, and he is the overhwelming preference of labour voters, according to the polls; so it would be a mistake to dismiss him too quickly.

Let us therefore dismiss him more slowly. His main strength is his ability to be rude — and effectively rude — with the Tories and with civil servants. If elections were presidential contests — Healey versus Thatcher, rather than Labour versus Conservative — he would be a powerful candidate. But they are not. Despite the impact of television on election campaigns, the weight of evidence is that elections are decided by policies rather than personalities. Callaghan was more popular than Thatcher last year; Wilson was more popular than Heath in 1970; but Labour lost both times.

So what policies does Healey stand for? He is dutifully appalled by the Tories' economic performance, thinks sterling and interest rates are too high, and that monetary control is too tight. Yet it was he who made monetary control a principal lever for regulating the economy; and if he were chancellor today there can be little doubt that he would be as appalled as Sir Geoffrey Howe is by the figures showing money supply growing at a rate of 19 per cent a year (the underlying rate, after ironing out statistical distortions, according to Howe this week).

It was also Healey who led the argument in the last Labour cabinet for a five per cent pay norm — absurdly unreal figure produced by Treasury officials that provoked the winter of discontent.



Chris Davies

Foot: the lesser evil?

John Silkin ought to be better, but again his record lets him down. As our analysis of the votes of the contenders on human rights issues showed last week, Silkin has more to be ashamed of than any of the others. As Wilson's chief whip between 1966 and 1969 he doubtless puts a high premium on loyalty to the parliamentary leadership; but the total absence of any resistance to either the economic or libertarian retreats of the Wilson and Callaghan years makes it difficult to portray him as a man who could now chart a new, more inspiring course.

Peter Shore is more complex. On defence and human rights issues he belongs to the right of the party, but on economic and industrial issues he belongs to the left. During the cabinet debates over the IMF loan he formed a loose alliance with Tony Benn to argue for an alternative economic strategy (apart from them, Anthony Crosland was the only substantial voice opposed to the IMF conditions). Shore's notable contribution to the cabinet debates of 1976 was to force the Treasury to set up a special committee to consider the 'Shore Plan'; in other words, it was Shore rather than Benn who mounted the most convincingly argued case for such policies as import controls.

IT WOULD BE possible to envisage a Labour Party led by Peter Shore with the support of the left beginning to provide a persuasive alternative to Thatcherism. But the chance of a Shore victory has now been obliterated by the in-fighting and confusion among Healey's opponents. In the light of what has happened over the past fortnight, it is not simply a debating point to wonder how the left can plan a united challenge to British capitalism, if it cannot plan a united challenge to Denis Healey.

Until the day James Callaghan announced his resignation, Shore firmly believed that he would have Foot's support for the leadership. Foot had told him so as recently as the party conference in Blackpool. Even after Callaghan's announcement Foot led Shore to believe that the support would continue. Overnight Will Camp, Shore's public relations adviser, prepared drafts of two statements to be made simultaneously the next morning — one by Shore announcing his candidacy, the other by Foot endorsing Shore.

But Foot demurred, pleading a huge groundswell of support overnight for him to stand himself. How this groundswell manifested itself is something of a mystery, for Foot changes his home telephone number regularly and very few people know it. The belief in the Shore camp, reinforced by hints from Foot himself, is that the initial hesitation was provoked by Foot's wife, Jill Craigie, alone; but after hesitating once it became impossible for Foot to resist the demands that *then* started to grow.

Foot, however, was still not finished with the task of leaving Shore in the most awkward possible position. On the Saturday morning — two days after Foot's hesitation and Shore's announcement — Foot telephoned Alan Watkins of the *Observer* (in response to a telegram from Watkins) and revealed he had decided to stand for the leadership: hence the *Observer's* exclusive story the next day under the headline 'Foot to stand for leader'. Yet what Foot was willing to tell Alan Watkins, he was not willing to tell Peter Shore. All Foot said over the telephone to Shore that weekend was that 'things are very difficult for me.'

Foot's age, and his indecision over Shore, are not the only things to be said against him. In the last Labour Government, as deputy leader, he betrayed many of the principles for which he had so vociferously fought in the sixties. As Leader of the House, he was one of the most conservative opponents of parliamentary reform, sharing with Enoch Powell a distaste for scrutiny of the executive by select committees.

Yet for all that Michael Foot has the considerable virtue that he is not Denis Healey. A win for Healey would make it very difficult for Labour to escape its present impotence in the face of Thatcher. A win for Foot would make it fairly difficult, which is a slight improvement. Either way the party that emerges from the present contest will not have moved significantly from its existing weak base; everything depends on what happens afterwards. This column would support Shore in round one and Foot in round two, if it possessed a vote; but on the whole it is rather glad it does not.

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Target Britain

FOR THE THIRD TIME since World War II, Britain's role as aircraft carrier for US forces is about to escalate, dramatically, with the imminent introduction of cruise missiles. But how much do even campaigners for the removal of nuclear weapons bases and facilities know about the scale of US military involvement in Britain; How much can MPs find out?

There are not merely a dozen or two bases, as is popularly supposed. In a joint enquiry with the Thames Television TV EYE programme*, we unearthed over 100 military facilities. The US Air Force alone has 101 sites in its British property list, including housing estates.

We also discovered a plethora of little-known information about US military activities in Britain, using mostly openly available US — and even Russian — sources.

- **US European military commanders will control the course of European warfare from airborne battle stations, based in East Anglia.**
- **A 'facility' tucked away in Wales is the US's largest underwater surveillance centre.**
- **Five spy planes are permanently based in Britain. Another base is the headquarters for recovering film capsules from spy satellites.**
- ***The spy satellites are controlled from at least four major British stations — one set up by the* CIA. The network of US intelligence bases in Britain — many in the 'front line' because of the information they get — is much greater than hitherto realised.**
- **Much of the US's 7000-warhead European nuclear stockpile is in a network of British depots.. Some Army and Marine units have complete stores stockpiled.**

Some of these facilities are secret. But many are not. Yet, even after MPs asked the Ministry of Defence three times, they could only list a nevertheless surprising 56 bases. DUNCAN CAMPBELL documents the might of the US military in Britain.

Chris Davies

Last Sunday's nuclear disarmament demo

THE SCALE OF US MILITARY involvement in Britain is immense. Apart from Soviet forces in Eastern Europe, and the US in Germany and Japan, no other country has such a large foreign military presence. Discovering the scale — and significance — of Britain's uses for the US is not, however, straightforward.

In June this year, Bob Cryer MP asked Defence Secretary Francis Pym to provide a 'total' list of US bases. Pym obliged with a list as long as most people would expect, a round dozen — eleven air bases and the Holy Loch base on the Clyde for Poseidon submarines. There were also, a throwaway line implied, a few other sites for 'storage, logistic support, administration and communications'.

Just how 'few' sites were involved was revealed in a second answer during July, when Pym was asked to list the bases in these categories. The list of US bases now swelled from 12 to 53 — and it still wasn't complete. In August, Pym was asked to list any omission from his two earlier lists. He now listed a further three bases — one of them, an underwater surveillance base in Wales, probably the most important of them all.

After three attempts, the Ministry of Defence had managed to find 56 US bases in Britain. We have found 103, whose locations and functions are detailed on the map (opposite).

'First strike' facility

Besides airbases normally in US hands, a host of other airfields, some now used by the RAF, are earmarked and stocked up for US crisis or war use. Not one US base is directly committed in any way to the defence of Britain — indeed, quite the contrary, as Britain is obliged under NATO agreements to provide the 'area' defences for US bases on our soil.

It is customary for this burden to be defended with references to the value of NATO as a deterrent alliance, in whose support the US acts. It is not, however, widely appreciated that the US maintains separate lines of command and control from NATO, and is ready, willing and equipped to operate entirely on its own, as US interests require. Alert orders sent to US forces may, or may not, be communicated to NATO allies. Although British bases and facilities were alerted and used in the Nixon-ordered 1973 Middle East war alert, and again this year during the abortive hostage rescue operation in Iran, no notification was given to Britain or NATO.

The Pentagon calls this style of operating its 'global options'. It relies on unquestioning non-interference with what the US does with its bases and facilities. It also relies on the technological complexities of modern weaponry, which can make it extremely hard to unravel a complex web of plans and potential operations open to any particular facility.

In Britain, the US forces have at least 21 airbases used or reserved for them, 9 transportation terminals, 17 weapon dumps and stores, 7 nuclear weapons stores, 38 communications facilities, 10 intelligence bases, and 3 radar and sonar surveillance sites. Of these, the majority clearly contribute at least as much to strategic global 'US only' options as to the options for defending Europe.

These too are scarcely 'options' we should find attractive: Rear Admiral Gene LaRocque, a former Pentagon strategic planner now running the Washington Centre for Defence Information, had this to say:

> We fought World War I in Europe, we fought World War II in Europe and if you dummies let us, we'll fight World War III in Europe . . .

THE COST WILL BE HIGH. Although the exact course of any 'World War III' can only be a matter of informed speculation we have obtained the target lists drawn up by two sources — one Russian, the other British. The British target list, published in the *New Statesman* this month, was used during the recent *Crusader* and *Square Leg* exercises (*NS* 3 October 1980). The Russian target list comes from a limited circulation military staff journal, *Zarybezhnoe Voennoe Obozrenie (5,* 1980). In an article on Britain's 'infrastructure', Colonel V Leskov identified in a scarcely disguised fashion the targets of Soviet interest:

> The Pentagon maintains a ramified network of bases, stores of nuclear and conventional weapons, headquarters, communications centres, intelligence centres and other installations.

Clearly drawing on intelligence data, Leskov listed nuclear weapons stores and provided an astonishing map of Britain with dozens of key locations and airbases marked or mentioned.

Leskov's map identified four communications centres, all American; three alleged nuclear weapons dumps, all American; the joint early warning radar station at Fylingdales; and identified 21 airfields used solely or jointly by the US, as well as 6 further US communications or other bases.

Similarly, in the Ministry of Defence's plans for the anticipated nuclear attack on Britain used during *Square Leg,* 13 attacks were against US bases. These included the first two bases to be attacked, Greenham Common near Newbury and Boscombe Down (a 'colocated' base). Greenham Common and Molesworth (near Northampton) are of course to be sites for the 160 GLCM (ground launched cruise missiles) that are presently due to be installed by 1983. Both bases were on both target lists — already. Besides the well-known airbases, Britain's role in providing US 'infrastructure' is immense. Some of the most important locations are among the least known. In southern England, the US Air Force has installed a network of communications bases making it completely independent, if need be, of Post Office or MoD links. The US Navy has a similar chain in Scotland, running from Thurso to Ayr, and across to Northern Ireland. The US Navy base at Thurso is the primary communications link to Polaris nuclear submarines in the Norwegian sea area, for which purpose the station was built in 1963. Until 1977 it shared this job with a similar US Navy station near Derry in Northern Ireland.

The US's largest underwater surveillance station is also located in Britain, at Brawdy on St Davids Bay, in remote southwest Wales. This station is the largest of the 22 in the SOSUS (Sonar Surveillance System) network. The Brawdy 'naval facility', where more than 300 sonar specialists work round the clock, is of key importance to the strategic 'balance', and to the US's first strike ability. Quite simp-

*The TV Eye documentary 'Target Britain' is being transmitted on Thursday 30th November at 8.30pm.

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From North to south: **Sullom Voe,** US coastguard station, maintains accuracy of Loran radio navigation system for nuclear submarines; Another US Navy base in Shetland is UK terminal of sonar underwater detection chain across Greenland-Iceland-UK gap; **Thurso, Aberdeen, Inverbervie, Kinnaber, Craigowl Hill, East Lomond, Kirk O'Shotts, Sergeantlaw, Browncarrick Hill:** all US Navy microwave communications link stations; **Mormond Hill,** near Peterhead, major US Navy and Air Force long range communications station; **Stornoway,** on Isle of Lewis, wartime or crisis base for US P3 Orion antisubmarine aircraft; **Holy Loch,** US Navy Poseidon nuclear missile submarine squadron HQ; **Glen Douglas,** NATO nuclear and other weapons store for HolyLoch; **Machrihanish,** war or crisis base for US antisubmarine aircraft, and permanent nuclear weapons store; **Grangemouth, Greenock, Glasgow,** normally unmanned US Army and Navy transportation terminals installed;**Prestwick,** base for USAF Military Airlift Command and US Navy transport operations; **Broughton Moor,** Cumbria, US Navy depot run by Royal Navy; **Spadeadam,** bombing range equipped by USAF simulates Warsaw Pact radars remote valley; **Fylingdales,** Ballistic Missile Early Warning Station; **Liverpool,** major terminal at docks; **Burtonwood,** gigantic US Army store and helicopter base; **Menwith Hill,** super-secret intelligence base run by National Security Agency tapping international phone lines and controls satellites; **Leeming, Finningley, Coltishall, Waddington Wittering,** Co-located Operating Bases (COBs) with RAF; **Brawdy,** US Navy sonar surveillance centre; **Upper Heyford, Alconbury, Mildenhall, Lakenheath, Bentwaters, Woodbridge, Sculthorpe, Wethersfield, Fairford, Greenham Common,** current major USAF airfields; **Marham,** B52 forward base; **Upwood, Molesworth, Feltwell, Ridgwell, Watton, Framlingham,** USAF storage sites, may include nuclear weapons; **Hillingdon, Croughton** (Northants), **Barford St John,** major communications centres; **Daventry, Chelveston, Barkway, Great Bromley, Bovingdon,** microwave communications link stations; **Chicksands,** monitoring base run by USAF Electronic Security Command for the NSA; **Welford, Bramley, Bicester,** munitions and stores depots — Welford Holds US Air Force tactical nuclear weapons stocks; **High Wycombe, West Ruislip, South Ruislip, Lancaster Gate, Eastcote,** US Forces offices and storage sites; **Grosvenor Square,** US Navy Headquarters and Sixth Fleet Fleet control centre; also houses 'SUSLO' intelligence offices and communications centre; **Northolt,** RAF base used jointly for communications aircraft; **St Johns Wood,** US Marine Barracks; **Edgware Road,** fuel supply; **Northwood,** US Navy based with NATO East Atlantic HQ; CIA Weapons dump is alleged to be in Britain, also a CIA radio station near Banbury; **Christmas Common, Botley Hill Farm, Coldblow Lane, Dunkirk, Swingate** (Dover), USAF microwave communications link stations; **Winkfield,** satellite tracking station run by British civilians is used for US satellite control; **Oakhanger,** US Satellite Control Facility and US Navy satellite communications centre; **Cheltenham,** very large US contingent from NSA; **Caerwent,** a major US Army munitions dump; **Abingdon, Benson, Odiham, Brize Norton,** Colocated Operating Bases **Boscombe Down,** USAF 'classified' unit is based here, and B52 bombers would use it in war; **Southampton,** transportation terminal; **Hythe,** US Marine Fleet HQ; **Marchwood, Poole,** US Marine Depots; **Wincombe,** GCHQ monitoring station near, Shaftesbury listed by MoD as a US 'communication' tation; **Morwenstow,** GCHQ run station was paid for by the CIA and operates and controls CIA spy listening satellites; **St Mawgan,** USAF communications centre and US Navy nuclear weapons store. **Cushendall, Slievenorra, Dungiven,** US Navy communications link stations in Northern Ireland (not shown).

One hundred American bases

Nuclear watchtower, Machrihanish

Listening aerial, Chicksands

EC135 airborne 'war room', Mildenhall

'Red Flag' simulated Soviet radar — Spadeadam

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ly, by keeping a continuous plot of the exact position of the (remarkably few) Soviet submarines in the Atlantic, the Brawdy station means that the Soviets cannot rely on these forces for a deterrent second strike. Until President Carter's recent promulgation of Presidential Directive 59, for planning for limited nuclear war, previous doctrines of deterrence relied critically on both sides' submarines being substantially immune to detection. This advantage is available to the US; it is not available to the Soviet Union, as Soviet planners well know.

From Brawdy, long submarine cables traverse the continental shelf to a platform two to three hundred miles west of southern Ireland, where an array of hydrophones detect tiny surges and faint noises across a thousand mile tract of ocean.

Brawdy's computers are not intented to protect Britain, although they enormously enhance our vulnerability. The station was completed in 1973, to cover the movements of Soviet 'Charlie' class nuclear submarines, whose longer range missiles meant they could attack the US from our side of the Atlantic. (Europe was vulnerable anyway).

We asked both the US Navy and the Ministry of Defence about the purpose of the Brawdy base. Both claimed it was merely an 'oceanographic research facility'. This is untrue, and the truth isn't even secret. In 1977, the US House of Representatives Appropriations Committee reported on Defence Procurement for the year. Page 1255 of their report noted an upgrading of Brawdy's facilities for Project CAESAR, which is the general title for the SOSUS system:

> CAESAR: Shore Electronics/Assembly SDC-2 (Shore electronics will be installed at US Naval Facility, Brawdy, Wales. The associated array and cable will be located in international waters.)

Britain also supports the means by which Brawdy's information would be used. At least three British airfields, — Stornoway in the Hebrides, Machrihanish near Campbeltown in Scotland, and St Mawgan in Cornwall — would be used by forces of US Orion anti-submarine aircraft deployed from the US. At two of these bases, St Mawgan and Machrihanish, we have established that stocks of nuclear depth charges and other nuclear weapons are already in position, and have been for some years. The nuclear stores are known as 'Naval Aviation Weapons Facilities'. The dumps are guarded by US Marines — at Machrihanish, the Marines man watchtowers around a barbed wire camp.

Nuclear dumps

Nuclear weapons are also stored throughout Britain for use by the US Air Force. The main depot is at Welford, where a railway siding takes these and other consignments into the underground dump. Welford's facilities are so sensitive that Ordnance Survey maps have been erased of anything other than ground contours in the area. This ironically, makes its position rather more noticeable by the absence of usual map features. Welford is the base of the 7234th Ammunition Support Squadron and has been storing USAF weapons since 1954. Although the base provides almost 700,000 square feet of weapons storage and cost the US government over $5 million to build, it is usually omitted from lists of US bases in Britain.

Besides Welford, there are also nuclear weapons facilities at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, and near Mildenhall and Lakenheath. One of these stores is said to be removed from the actual airfield — probably at Feltwell, a US storage base a few miles north. (Lakenheath itself was the scene of a near catastrophic 1956 incident when a crashed bomber went on fire beside the nuclear weapons store.)

Colonel Leskor's article observed that: nuclear weapons are stored in the vicinity of airbases at Bentwaters, Brize Norton, Wethersfield, Woodbridge, Greenham Common, Lakenheath, Marham, Sculthorpe and Fairford.

The giant US Army store at Burtonwood near Warrington is the probable site for the US Army's reserve stocks of theatre nuclear weapons. Six hundred servicemen work on the 3,300 acre site adjacent to the M6 motorway Official US publications acknowledge that it is one of two UK sites holding complete stocks of every item of equipment for military units, facilities known as 'Pomcus'.

A further 'Pomcus' depot network is based in Dorset and Hampshire, where there is a US Marine Fleet HQ at Hythe, near Southampton. Two Marine Supply Depots are at Poole and Marchwood.

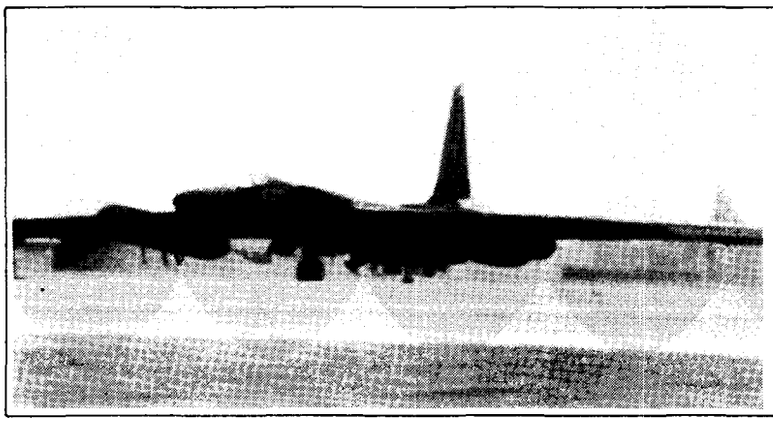
Warheads for the ten Poseidon submarines based at the Holy Loch, near Dunoon, are stored in hills to the north. The MoD has confirmed that a NATO funded depot at Glen Douglas is available to the US Navy from the 'host government'.

Besides these stores of nuclear and conventional weapons, the US has 8 other weapons dumps in Britain. Two of them are run entirely by British servicemen, although their stock is American. These two are at Bramley, Hants and at Broughton Moor in Cumbria. Stocks at the Broughton Moor 'Royal Naval' Armament Depot are intended to back up the US Navy in the Norwegian Sea.

Sky spying

Spy planes are based here permanently too, although their presence is denied. The main spy plane base is Mildenhall, where five secret reconnaisance aircraft are now permanently located. During recent filming by Thames TV, US officials at Mildenhall were visibly embarrassed when a U2 suddenly wafted elegantly down from the clouds. The base had denied that U2 aircraft were stationed there. Within two minutes of its arrival the U2 had been hidden away in a special hangar.

The US Air Force's claim not to have other than occasional 'visitors' among these controversial aircraft is paper thin. The official *Air Force* magazine lists amongst Mildenhall's complement the 66-person 6954th Electronic Security Squadron, which provides the personnel to operate electronic intelligence gathering equipment whilst the planes fly high over or alongside Warsaw Pact borders.



U2R Electronic spy aircraft fortuitously filmed by Thames TV at Mildenhall

The five aircraft — two U2s, one SR7 which flies at three times the speed of sound and two RC135, converted Boeing 707s packed out with surveillance equipment — are we established Mildenhall aircraft. Aircraft spotters, who maintain a methodical vigil aroun all airfields, can provide details of their permanent presence as complete as the f numbers and the locations of their hangars the airfield. (The U2s in question being n 10332 and 10339).

A recent interview in *Air Force* magazine b the Chief of the US Strategic Air Comman General R H Ellis, explained the highly acti nature of this intelligence-gathering operatio

> it is possible to operate these systems in a way th induces the 'other fellow' to react in a way th tells us things we want to know . . .

Flying War Rooms

The power of the 170 F-111 nuclear ar tactical strike aircraft based at Lakenhea and Upper Heyford is reasonably well-know as is the presence of six Thunderbolt atta squadrons with their controversial deplete uranium ammunition. But what is not knov at all is an operation of over-riding strateg importance: in time of war, or crisis, the U European Command, using facilities cod named 'Silk Purse', will be lifted into the a above the chaos of Europe's nuclear ba tlefields.

'Silk Purse' is based at Mildenhall, and h four special Boeing 707 EC 135s on co tinuous alert. These are flying war-room with equipment for in-flight refuelling of esco planes. An official map, details of which ha been obtained through the International I stitute for Strategic Studies, shows that durir the most recent — and transient — of th nuclear-attack false-alarms, sent out on June, five critical overseas bases were alerte before the alert could be cancelled. Mildenha was one, suggesting that the need to get t 'Silk Purse' aircraft off the ground is giv vast priority by Pentagon planners.

Third Air Force spokesmen still deny th *any* British base was alerted during the fal alarms. But this should be measured again the evidence of villagers near the US tanke base at Fairford, near Swindon, who on June, also a false-alarm day, saw aircra taking off in rapid succession on emergen power. Calls to the base were abruptly te minated with the words: 'It's an emergency Fairford will soon have 15 tankers, cor plementing 15 at Mildenhall: their task bei to re-fuel strike aircraft en route to Warsa

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Pact targets from America. Britain's position astride this route is valuable to Strategic Air Command, which in time of crisis would deploy to 'forward operating bases' including Marham, Boscombe Down and Brize Norton. The latter two are amongst a group of ten peactime RAF bases which are earmarked to be given to the USAF in crises; these were agreed under an unannounced 1974 Memorandum of Understanding, and are designated 'Colocated Operating Bases'. A list of COBs was provided to us this week by the Ministry of Defence after some delay. None of the COBs was listed in the answers given to Bob Cryer MP, although recent US congressional testimony has listed USAF property at several of the sites.

Spy bases

US bases in Britain control and track spy satellites, and fly missions to catch the film capsules sent back from photographic satellites. The bases also include centres for aircraft which have been proven to have been overflying Warsaw Pact territory.

One such reconnaisance unit is based at Alconbury, near Huntingdown. The *New York Times* reported in 1977 that its RF4 Phantom aircraft 'gather intelligence over East Germany'. Routine USAF denials of this are not very convincing. In March 1964 an RB66 reconnaisance plane from the same base, was shot down inside East Germany long after the famous disaster to Gary Powers' U2. Four years ago, a U2 from Britain crashed in West Germany close to the eastern border.

Further connections with the spying business can be traced through the 47th Aerospace Rescue & Recovery Squadron, based at Woodbridge in Suffolk: their job, in addition to retrieving downed aircrew, is to hook-up capsules of photographic film which are ejected periodically by spy-satellites and parachuted into the atmosphere. Although Colonel Alan Schreihofer admitted that release of the satellite capsules is controlled from Woodbridge, he claimed that the catching was done by aircraft based more conveniently in Pensacola, Florida. But during filming two weeks ago at nearby Mildenhall, two dark-painted C-130 aircraft were photographed with satellite-capsule catching and tracking equipment in place. And examination of USAF base lists shows that Pensacola is merely an operating location from Woodbridge.

But spy-planes and satellite-catchers are only a small part of the American intelligence 'infrastructure' in Britain. The major part is the system of ground-based listening-posts run by the National Security Agency (NSA), and aimed at communications in Warsaw Pact countries and Western Europe.

A large US contingent works at Britain's GCHQ intelligence centre in Cheltenham. Known as SUSLO (Special Intelligence US Liaison Office), they also have a large London office taking up an entire floor of the US Navy building in Grosvenor Square. Benson L. Buffham, former deputy-director of the NSA is in charge of SUSLO, and is listed as an 'attache' at the US Embassy.

The major listening-posts are Chicksands, Bedfordshire and Edzell, Tayside — and of course Menwith Hill, Yorkshire, whose international phone-tapping function was revealed in the *NS* on 18 July. But Menwith Hill appears to have a further role, which places it squarely in the strategic front-line.

Eight tracking dishes dominate the Menwith Hill site, pointed most of the time towards US satellites operating in the unique 'Molniya orbit': originally devised by the Russians themselves, this permits long periods of 'hovering' in northerly latitudes. (Ordinary satellites can only hover over the equator: a problem to US intelligence, because most of Russia is northerly.) Observation suggests that Menwith Hill is the receiving terminal for the *only* US satellites functioning in this orbit — the super-secret Satellite Data System (SDS) about which nothing is published.

But there are certainly three other terminals in Britain for intelligence satellites.

Morwenstow, near Bude in Cornwall, is a British GCHQ station still part paid-for by the CIA. According to a senior ex-CIA man, ground facilities for a satellite system called RHYOLITE were installed in England in 1970. His description exactly matches the Cornish site. Morwenstow appears to be a sister-station in the RHYOLITE system to the controversial CIA site at Pine Gap in Central Australia.

Oakhanger in Hampshire is ostensibly an RAF station. But US Congressional testimony lists Oakhanger as one of ten or so stations in a worldwide Satellite Control Facility for US military satellites. The local telephone directory does indeed list a US navy unit there. A recent report from the US Navy Research Laboratory reveals Oakhanger's exotic capacities: in conjunction with a station in Virginia it has been used to spy on the USSR by 'moonbounce', which is listening to communications reflected off the moon. *Croughton,* a major USAF communications centre near Banbury was filmed for 'Target Britain', and officers explained that three of its four satellite dishes were used by an unspecified 'civilian agency'. Croughton corresponds well to descriptions of a CIA station 'near Banbury' which was to have been included in a book by two former US government officials, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* — until the CIA censored it. The satellites to which these terminals link use very wide, unfurling antennae to collect faint signals from the ground: although the USSR is the main target, material from 'friendly' or 'neutral' countries gets scooped up as well by accident and by design.

Some of the intelligence gathered is put to use in Britain, notably at Spadeadam in Cumbria where, according to the Washington journal *Aviation Week,* a 'Warsaw Pact surface-to-air missile radar replica' has been created. Its purpose (there is another in Nevada) is to enable strike aircraft to practice evasion of Soviet defences: naturally, the range, together with a comparable electronic-warfare centre near Dumfries, constitute a focus of interest for Soviet spy trawlers and the like.

The Spadeadam electronic warfare range is partnered by a special squadron of aircraft at Alconbury, which are disguised to look like Russian MiG fighters. Other NATO air forces stage simulated dog fights with these so-called Aggressor aircraft (in fact they usually take the role of airspace defenders).

Special roles

Britain's location is unique. The US bases here are consequently critical to the deployment of many far flung parts of the US military. The communications systems which run through Britain are intrinsic to the 'global options' of US strategy. AUTOVON is the worldwide automatic phone network for the US military, and it has major centres at Martlesham Heath, Suffolk and Hillingdown, near London. Croughton, mentioned earlier, is a switching-centre for the AUTODIN network which links-up computers — including those of the now rather-discredited Worldwide Command and Control System ('Wimex'), which caused the last two false alerts. One of the Wimex computers so tied in is at US Naval Headquarters in Grosvenor Square.

Croughton is also of major importance to US missile targetting. Its Automated Digital Weather Centre co-ordinates meteorological information from Europe, Africa and the USSR — feeding it back to SAC computers in Nebraska, which reallocate suitable warheads to targets according to the prevailing winds and weather. It even intercepts the Russians own data to get up-to-the-minute information.

American defence planners can scarcely be blamed for pursuing their own convenience — especially if they get used to having it uncritically accepted. But not all members of the Western alliance have chosen quite such an open-ended commitment to the US. Norway, although a NATO member, has declined to have either nuclear weapons or foreign troops based on its territory, and in recent years there has been substantial debate about the degree to which Norwegian navigation and communications systems might effectively support US employment of nuclear weapons. Denmark also has declined to have nuclear weapons on its soil in peacetime, and in Belgium and Holland there has been effective resistance to the deployment of cruise missiles. France, of course, withdrew from NATO in 1967, and all US bases and facilities were dispensed with — links with NATO are maintained.

A military relationship as massive, as complex and as artfully-shrouded as that between Britain and the United States is not one likely to be modified in simple, dramatic movements. But the first requirement, long overdue, is to understand its structure, so that the alternative models can be tested against it.

Altogether, this adds up to some 27,000 operatives and 31,000 dependants, and a massive amount of property; the USAF say that each of their chief bases would cost about $1 billion to replace. Such figures demonstrate no small performance in a 'special relationship' which actually began in July 1948 with a 30-day stay on the part of several B-29 squadrons, later extended to 60 days. The stay was only temporary; the USAF, it was supposed had left Britain entirely early in 1946. But in November 1948 the Air Ministry discreetly informed the US that this 'temporary' presence might become 'long term'.

Throughout the long, subsequent period of entrenchment, the US public has consistently been told more about the process than any British administration has chosen to vouchsafe to its citizens. Not only has the massive size of the commitment passed sofar largely unknown and undebated: so has its essential character as a set of options for American military activity which may or may not contribute to the defence of this country, and may well actively contribute to the dangers we face.

Apology

An article in the *NS* of 15 August wrongly stated that Terry Duffy, general secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, spoke at a Campaign for the Defence of the Motor Vehicle rally in Luton. Our apologies to Mr Duffy.

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IMPERIALISM
Claudia Wright

US secures new Mid-East springboard in secret deal with Rightist minister

Doing a Turkey in Greece

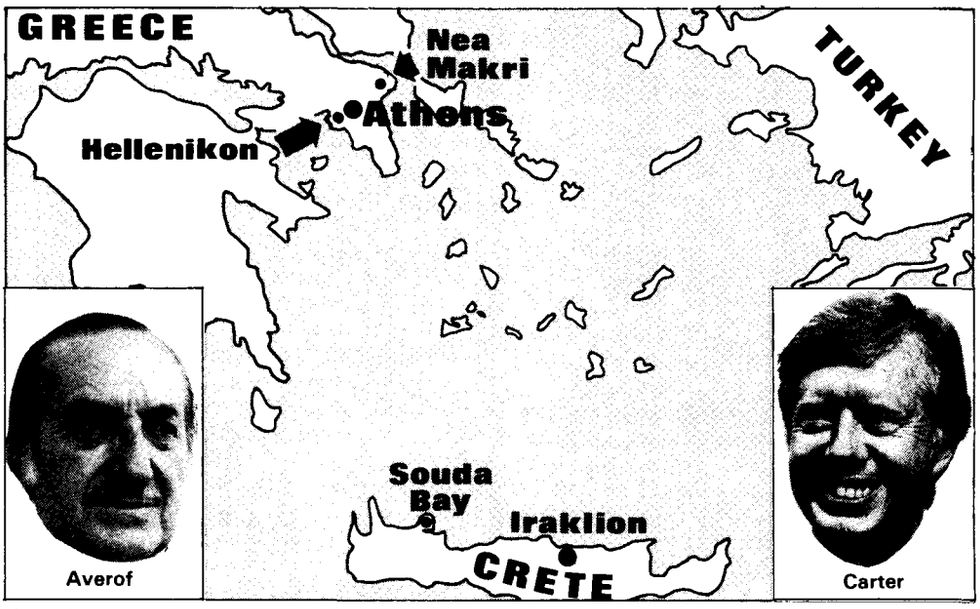
ON 6 OCTOBER, shortly after arriving in Athens, General David Jones, Chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, laid a wreath at the tomb of the unknown warrior. As the Greek guards marched up and down in an odd combination of fascist goosestep and 'the Dying Swan', presenting arms which would not have threatened a World War I mountaingoat, the irony of the afternoon's ceremonies almost escaped attention in Athens, and went unreported in Washington. After the wreath-laying, the Greek Defence Minister, Evangelos Averof, decorated Jones with the Greek Supreme Order of Merit. 'We only have blood ties with the United States and with Australia', Averof declared, 'these ties particularly help understanding between us under conditions like those of today which, we must admit, have created problems between us.'

Averof was referring to the unwillingness of his government to accept American pressure for Greece's return to NATO, and to negotiations for a US agreement covering military aid and US bases on Greek soil.

At the time it seemed certain that Greece would refuse to rejoin NATO or sign a base treaty before next year's elections. On 1 October, Foreign Minister Mitsotakis had told the *Washington Post* that without US and Turkish acceptance of a Greek formula for rejoining NATO, Athens would withdraw 'irrevocably' and take back control of the Greek bases. In a dramatic gesture of support, opposition leader Andreas Papandreou, of the Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK), told the press that the government was 'not bluffing'. Prime Minister Rallis emphasised his position in a letter to President Carter that leaked to the Athens press on 10 October.

How then did it come about that on 19 October, not a fortnight after Jones's investiture, Rallis announced that Greece had decided to rejoin NATO on terms virtually identical to those proposed before by the Americans and publicly espoused by the Turkish Foreign Minister? Why did the Greek government concede to a Turkish claim for Aegean airspace that the Greeks had maintained without budging since 1931? What colossal toxic shock had panicked the Cabinet into accelerating its preparations to sign a mutual defence treaty with the US that will not only maintain the US bases, but confirm that the Americans can operate freely in the Middle East without any Greek knowledge or authorisation — against countries like Iraq and Libya, which Greece has carefully cultivated for oil and trade?

The immediate answer is that Evangelos Averof, the man who is closer to Washington than any other Greek politician, has sidestepped his rival, Prime Minister Rallis, negotiated his own pact with the US, and managed at the very last minute to trigger Karamanlis, as President, into over-ruling Rallis and a sizeable faction of the New Democratic Party. But Greek sources suggest there is a deeper and more menacing explanation. Averof, they say, continues to plan his political break with Rallis, to split the government party. Meanwhile, The United States is planning a new scale of military intervention in the Persian Gulf and Middle East. With American support, Averof is thought to be attempting his own campaign against Papandreou's PASOK at next autumn's elections. Both Averof and the US consider PASOK as anti-American and pro-Arab in the Middle East, and a major threat to the expansion of US activities from the Greek bases. If Averof fails to defeat PASOK he is thought capable of trying to destabilise parliamentary politics and so pave the way for a new military coup.



THE AMERICANS had been trying to negotiate the NATO and base issues separately. Rallis — whom Karamanlis favoured over Averof in the May ballot for the prime ministership — insisted that the two were linked. By holding out on the bases, he hoped to force Washington to extract greater concessions from the Turks on the major stumbling block — which side would have military control of Aegean waters and airspace. The two countries dispute each other's rights to exploration on the sea floor, as well as sovereignty over islands off the Anatolian coast. Since the Turkish invasion of Cyprus, Greece has adamantly maintained its ten-mile airspace around its island territories.

In the first week of October, Rallis sent President Carter a letter saying he would not 'pay, as a price for return to NATO, the creation of a new state of affairs regarding operational control of the Aegean.' The same message was conveyed by the Minister of Co-ordination, Ioannis Boutos, to the State Department on 3 October. But Pentagon sources admit that almost at the same time, Secretary of Defence Harold Brown received a letter from Averof, his Greek counterpart. Initially kept secret here and in Greece, it was apparently intended to undercut Rallis's message. Thereafter, the tide turned.

In Athens on 11 October, US Ambassador Robert McCloskey met Foreign Minister Mitsotakis to make an offer of US military aid to Greece that would preserve the traditional seven-to-ten ratio for aid between Greece and Turkey. This meant a big increase in the military payoff for the Greeks. By 16 October, when McCloskey met NATO Commander Bernard Rogers in Naples, the fix was in.

The entire agreement to return to NATO was sealed on the basis of private communications between military officers within the NATO framework. There was no new treaty, which would have required either public disclosure or ratification under the special provisions of the Greek constitution. The New Democratic Party deputies who voted their confidence in the Rallis government's move on 24 October (after a walkout by the left and abstention by the centre) still don't know for certain what sources in Washington confirm — that the Greek government has accepted that 'for NATO military purposes' its control over Aegean airspace is now to be limited to the six-mile zone demanded by Turkey.

To balance the Turkish air command at Izmir, the new agreement will establish a tactical command centre at Larissa in central Greece; and a committee composed of the Greek commander from Larissa, the Turkish commander from Izmir, and an American will negotiate operational control of Aegean airspace depending on the military circumstances. But this cosmetic formula hides a much greater deception. The Greek bases to be reintegrated into NATO will be used less for NATO operations than as a sprigboard to the Middle East, where the important American targets actually are.

All the Greeks are holding out for now is a slightly higher dollar figure for aid than they have been given, plus Washington's assurances that every piece of equipment that the Turks buy or build under their defence pact, will be available on the same terms to the Greeks. For the US this is a cheap price to pay for a virtual *carte blanche* to operate air and naval forces from Greek territory. The terms of the agreement covering the bases at Souda Bay and Iraklion (Crete), Hellenikon and Nea Makri (near Athens) — still secret — match the terms of the Turkish base agreement that the *NS* has already revealed. They also follow closely the *procès verbal* signed in 1976 by former Secretary of State Kissinger and then Foreign Minister Bitsios, which waived Greece's sovereign rights to control US operations at Iraklion, and abandoned the NATO limits to the operations of aircraft there.

Iraklion is one of the most important US bases in the Mediterranean. Senate Foreign Relations Committee reports of 1979 and 1980 identify it as a 'major electronic surveillance station with passive collectors [to] monitor

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Soviet activities in the eastern Mediterranean'. A Greek parliamentarian has suggested that Iraklion is not just a surveillance post but 'also [an] attack base for operations'. Greek officers, nominally in command of Iraklion, do not have meaningful access to its surveillance or operational centres, and the Greek government must tolerate spying on its own armed forces.

What most Greeks do not know is that the Defence Minister himself, Mr Averof, has formally given Washington his commitment to allow unrestricted use of Iraklion and the other bases in the future. A classified cable from the State Department quotes Averof as having told US officials in Athens that he accepted 'there will be exclusive US activity at the Iraklion installation where no Greek authority, supervision, or presence will be [allowed]. Moreover, there will be no Greek interference in any way to the extent of US activities towards non-NATO target objectives.'

INTELLIGENCE SOURCES here say Greece may *already* be playing a key role in American plans to rescue Iran in the Gulf war. There have been reports in aviation circles of Iranian officials in Athens negotiating for military equipment: some reports suggest that Israeli agents are acting as go-betweens for the Americans. According to an Israeli radio monitor, who was given wide publicity here on 11 October, Greek (and Turkish) airspace has been open to shuttle flights between Tehran and Tripoli, Libya. From the Anglo-American bases on Cyprus, there have also been sightings of several phantoms, cargo planes and tankers bearing US insignia, which have crossed Greek airspace and may be ferrying from Greek and other NATO bases. There have also been hints that if the US makes good on its commitment to exchange military supplies for the hostages in Tehran, Greece may be the shipping point. It is impossible to confirm these reports or to say whether Karamanlis, Averof and Rallis have been informed of what the Americans are doing. Under the arrangements the Greeks have accepted, Washington can keep them in the dark.

This is all the more reason to wonder at the Greek *volte-face*. In international terms the government has much to lose from moving demonstrably closer to the American side in an expanding Middle Eastern conflict. Neither Iraq nor Libya, who have attacked Turkish and Greek ties to the NATO alliance, is likely to be pleased: together they supply about one-third of current Greek oil imports. The government and PASOK have both been cultivating closer links with Iraq over the past year, and on 4 October it was announced that a PLO office would be opened in Athens.

There can be no doubt how Averof stands to gain. Ever since Karamanlis tipped the ballot for Prime Minister against him (Averof lost by only four votes), the Defence Minister has openly tested public support for a move to split the New Democratic Party and contest the next elections on his own. If these fail to provide either Rallis or Papandreou with enough seats to govern, Averof may be able to dictate the course of parliamentary politics with his own faction. No-one doubts that Averof might try to reap the whirlwind of parliamentary instability and turn to his many friends in the armed forces to provide the curative that Washington recently encouraged in Turkey.

Washington

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Read all about it? No way.

MARTIN BAILEY on an American experiment designed to flush out the news that someone, somewhere decides is just not fit to print. Following the example of 'Project Censored' we launch below an appeal to find Britain's biggest untold news stories.

A LIST OF THE 'TOP TEN CENSORED news stories' has just been published in the United States — the result of a project organised by Professor Carl Jensen of California's Sonoma State University. Professor Jensen invited the public to write in with their suggestions of news stories which had been ignored by the media. These then went before a panel of distinguished judges who selected the top ten.

1. Dumping: The corporate crime of the century. Rarely reported, the dumping of dangerous products in Third World countries has now reached alarming proportions. Products banned from sale in the United States continue to be legally exported overseas. These include: Tris, the chemical flame retardant used in children's pajamas that turned out to be carcinogenic; baby pacifiers that have caused children to choke to death; and toxic pesticides suspected of causing birth defects and cancer.

2. The real Iranian story. The Western media failed to investigate what was happening in Iran *before* the Shah was toppled. Had this been done then present developments might not have seemed as bizarre as they do to most Western newspaper readers.

3. US guilty of human rights violations. The Carter administration has repeatedly expressed concern about human rights in other countries. But what is much less well known is that last year the United States was itself the subject of an international inquiry into human rights violations — and was found guilty. After allegations that American prisoners were discriminated against because of their race, class, or political beliefs, a team of international jurists was called in by US church groups to investigate. They concluded that there was clear evidence of human rights violations in American prisons. A survey of Death Rows around the country showed that 'the taking of a black life, even by another black, is statistically one-tenth as likely to be punished by death as the taking of a white life. Yet a black who took a white life is five times as likely to receive the death penalty as a white doing the same thing. No white has ever been sentenced to death for murdering a black person.'

4. Third World sweatshops. Both business and union leaders in the US have called for import controls — particularly to halt the importation of cheap Japanese cars. But what draws less attention is the growing trend for American companies to set up factories overseas. Benefits to the firms concerned include cheap labour, weak unions, and lax health and safety regulations. The Zenith Radio Corporation is a good example of a run-away company: its Chicago plant was closed — eliminating 5000 jobs that paid an average $5.25 an hour — and workers in Taiwan now produce the same electronic circuit boards for Zenith for an average wage of just 36c an hour.

5. Is your job killing you? The head of the US Occupational Safety and Health Administration has reported that at least 100,000 workers die each year from occupational disease, and three or four times this number are disabled. These are not workplace accidents, but illnesses attributed to the thousands of chemicals used in industrial processes. Two out of five cancer deaths in the next 30 years will be caused by just six industrial chemicals: asbestos, nickel oxides, arsenic, benzene, chromium, and petrolem fractions. Even more ominous are the dangers to human reproduction. The problem of occupational disease has been virtually ignored by the mass media.

6. The worst nuclear spill. The most serious nuclear spill in the United States passed almost unnoticed. On 16 July 1979 one hundred million gallons of radioactive water containing 1,100 tons of uranium tailings burst through a dam and spilled into the Rio Puerco in New Mexico. Ultimately the waters of the Rio Puerco flow into Lake Mead, the source of part of the water supply for the city of Los Angeles.

7. Genocide in East Timor. The news media has concentrated on atrocities in Cambodia, but an equally gruesome bloodbath has been quietly taking place in the same corner of the world for the past five years. In December 1975 East Timor was invaded by Indonesia, and 50,000 to 100,000 people have been slaughtered — nearly 10 per cent of the population.

8. Public television — The oil network. The US Public Television Network, PBS, is sometimes jocularly referred to as the 'Petroleum Broadcasting Service.' For it is the oil giants, such as Exxon and Mobil, which finance so much of the air time — creating pressures for self-censorship of programmes which may offend these mighty companies.

9. The most powerful secret lobby in Washington. The Business Roundtable has maintained a deliberately low profile since it was formed in 1972. The chairman is Thomas Murphy, also chairman of General Motors; and other members include the heads of 200 of the largest American corporations. Business Roundtable has affected every US citizen: it has bottled up tax reform, helped win new tax loopholes for companies, and blocked the creation of a consumer protection office.

10. The £65,000,000,000 ghost bank. The National Aeronautical and Space Administration decided that it wanted an elaborate new satellite, but was afraid that Congress would be reluctant to increase its already massive space shuttle budget. So NASA got Western Union to agree to develop the new satellite on the basis that NASA would rent part of it for ten years at a high enough charge to cover the construction cost. The only problem was that no private bank would lend Western Union $750 million unless it was backed by a government guarantee. So Western Union applied to the little-known Federal Financing Bank — and the government agency itself provided the loan. The obscure Federal Financing Bank operates with only a handful of staff, yet it has extended some $65,000 million in loans since it started in 1974 — often helping the government proceed with projects which have not received Congressional approval.

Send us the 'censored' stories of the year

HERE IN BRITAIN there are plenty of important stories which make it into print — often in specialist journals — but never get the mass-media attention they deserve. As in America, 'censorship' is as likely to result from inertia, or inability to deal with complexity, as from any active desire to suppress.

The *New Statesman* has decided to start a British equivalent of Project Censored. From now to the end of the year, we are seeking nominations for a list of tales which — somehow or other — got effectively ignored in 1980. A panel of judges will then be asked to select a 'top ten'.

*Any story nominated should have been published during 1980, but received minimal publicity in terms of its potential significance.
*The story should be one with possible national or international significance, even if it springs from a strictly localised example.
*It must be based on testable documentation and reliable sources.
*It should be of contemporary, rather than purely historical importance.

Nominations should be sent to:
Project Censored, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.

Honour will be the principal reward for those whose nominations make it to the Top Ten. Honour, however, will be lubricated in each case by the award of a bottle of straight malt whisky, guaranteed to be pure ideologically and in all other respects. Suitable equivalents in kind will be available for those who can't take whisky.

Deadline is 31 December

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THE LAW
Francis Wheen

What the European Commission found about the limits of habeas corpus

Mental health and human rights

EARLIER THIS MONTH it was announced that the European Commission of Human Rights had found that Britain's mental health law contravened the European Convention on Human Rights. The background to the case and the reasons for the Commission's unanimous decision will not be officially published until next month, when the European Court considers whether to endorse the Commission's opinion, and the British government must be awaiting this event with some trepidation; for the results of the Commission's hearings provide powerful outside support to the arguments of those who have said for some time that the Mental Health Act 1959 is dangerously misconceived.

The main case on which the European Commission based its decision was that of a man whom we shall call by his Christian name of Brian. In 1968, when he was 34 years old, he attacked a workmate and was charged with wounding with intent. He pleaded guilty, and the judge adjourned the case for a week for medical reports. At the adjourned hearing the judge, being informed that Brian was a paranoid psychotic, ordered him to be detained at Broadmoor under Section 65 of the Mental Health Act. As with almost all restriction orders under Section 65, Brian's was 'without limit of time': this means that the Home Secretary alone has the discretion to judge when a patient is fit to be released.

Brian improved steadily while at Broadmoor and in 1971, on the recommendation of the doctor responsible for his treatment, the Home Secretary gave him a conditional discharge. In Brian's case the conditions were that he should live at a specified address with his wife, that he should be supervised by a probation officer, and that he should attend a psychiatric out-patients' clinic.

Brian appeared to adjust reasonably to normal life, and, after initial difficulties in finding employment, he obtained a job as a grinder at a steel works. Just after he had returned home from work on 5 April 1974, however, he was visited by the police, who took him off to the cells for the night without any explanation. The following day he was removed to Broadmoor — and there he stayed, detained without trial, from 6 April 1974 until his death on 17 January 1979.

Soon after his recall to Broadmoor, Brian asked his solicitor to apply for a writ of habeas corpus. At the hearing the court had before it a letter from the Home Office saying vaguely that the probation officer had reported that Brian's condition was giving cause for concern; the Home Office did not explain what it was about Brian's behaviour that was so worrying. The probation service also refused to supply the court with any information.

Despite the fact that the court had been given no reason for Brian's removal to Broadmoor, his application for habeas corpus was rejected on the grounds that the detention was perfectly legal. This is because in cases such as that of Brian, where a person is detained without a time limit and is then given a conditional discharge, the Mental Health Act allows the Home Secretary absolute discretion to have that person locked up again *at any time* — even twenty or thirty years after the

original detention — without having to give any reasons and without the need to have the detention tested in court.

WITH THE support of MIND, the National Association for Mental Health, Brian took his case to Europe. Article 5(2) of the European Convention on Human Rights declares that 'everyone who is arrested shall be informed promptly, in a language which he (*sic*) understands, of the reasons for his arrest and of any charge against him'. The police had given Brian no clue as to why he was being arrested on 5 April 1974, and it was only later that he discovered that his wife, with whom he had had a row, had told his probation officer that Brian was deluded and threatening and that she wanted him out of the house. The probation officer had passed on this message to a psychiatrist at Broadmoor, who in turn asked the Home Secretary to order Brian's immediate recall.

The European Commission decided that Article 5(2) clearly had been broken, not only by the police's failure to inform him of the reasons for his arrest but also by the withholding of such information from the habeas corpus hearing.

This was in some ways a subsidiary part of Brian's case. The core of his complaint to Europe lay in Article 5(4):

> Everyone who is deprived of his liberty by arrest or detention shall be entitled to take proceedings by which the lawfulness of his detention shall be decided speedily by a court and his release ordered if the detention is not lawful.

Brian pointed out that after three years of normal life, in which he had obeyed all the conditions of his release, he had been returned to Broadmoor without going before any doctor or legal authority who certified that he was of unsound mind. The habeas corpus decision had been based purely on the formal legality of the Home Secretary's behaviour: there had been no attempt by the court to investigate whether the Home Secretary's discretion had been used fairly in this particular case.

The only other legal course open to Brian was his right to ask for an appeal to a Mental Health Review Tribunal six months after his incarceration, but this did not satisfy the Convention's requirement that access to courts should be 'speedy'. Moreover in cases such as Brian's, where the Home Secretary has recalled a patient, the tribunals have no power: they can merely pass on their advice to the Home Secretary, and in 45 per cent of cases where a tribunal recommends a discharge the Home Secretary ignores this advice — without having to give reasons for his decision.

In reply, the British government's lawyers told the Commission that the requirements of Article 5(4) had been satisfied by the original court order against Brian in 1968, and that after that there was no need for a further review of his mental health before detaining him again, even though he had been living an apparently 'sane' life at liberty for three years. The Commission members were distinctly unimpressed by this view and, when they found in Brian's favour, made some pointed remarks about the British government's different attitudes to the rights of those living under 'dictators' and the rights of those living in Britain.

THE GOVERNMENT'S promised Mental Health Bill has not yet appeared, and it is still possible that the Home Office will refuse to give up its absolute powers. It seems more likely, however, given the pressure that will come from the European case, that the government will choose one of four possible reforms.

The first would be for patients to go to a court, instead of a tribunal, to have their detention reviewed: the court would have the power to order their release. A second choice would be for patients to have their reviews conducted by the judge who first sentenced them, if she or he is available. A third possibility, and the most radical one, would be for mentally abnormal offenders to be detained for a period commensurate with the gravity of their offence — just as if they were receiving a prison sentence like an 'ordinary' criminal. If the hospital wished to keep a patient restricted after the end of the sentence, it would use the procedures for non-criminal mental patients.

The fourth option is to extend the power of Mental Health Review Tribunals. At present these tribunals — which consist of a lawyer, a doctor and a lay member — can order the discharge of ordinary mental patients who are compulsorily admitted to hospital under Section 26 of the Mental Health Act, but in cases where a criminal has been sent to hospital under Section 65 their role is merely advisory.

It is thought unlikely that the Home Office would accept the idea of tribunals being able to take binding decisions in such cases, but it might be more favourably disposed to a variation of this reform, whereby the Home Office itself would be made a party to the action before a tribunal (instead of being the judge as at present), and could thus argue its case. If the decision went against it, the Home Office would then have the right to appeal to a court for a fresh review of the facts of the case. The patient, on the other hand, would have no such right of appeal, so the solution should meet the Home Office's main requirement for Section 65 — that it should be grotesquely biased in favour of the executive.

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London Diary

☐ Just after this issue of the *New Statesman* goes to press, I shall be wheeling off to a special meeting of my constituency Labour Party — Islington South & Finsbury — which has been called for the expression of grass-roots views about who ought to be leader of the PLP. It will all be on *Newsnight* for anyone who can bear to watch: you may read about some local parties trying to exclude the media from their deliberations, but not our lot. I estimate that a news-cameraman traversing Upper Street just now has roughly the same prospects of escape as a sailorman on shore-leave has when he walks past the doorway of a Gibraltar saloon.

Originally, there were those who wanted to restrict the meeting to members of the General Management Committee. They were defeated: even before the Beeb hove into sight, I assume the officers of the party had sense enough to realise they would be slaughtered if they attempted to monopolise all the fun.

The chairman may well take the view that anyone who works for the *New Statesman* already gets too many chances of shooting off his mouth. But if the opportunity arises, I shall argue against our trying to select any particular name. To my mind, the need is to prevent any of the rather questionable candidates from gaining hegemony within the PLP: so that the victor, whoever he is, will be disposed to look for sensible compromises with the unions and the constituencies. In short, a problem of tactical voting, which I would happily leave to our MP's individual judgment.

I can make that argument in Islington South, because our MP, George Cunningham, actually possess that quality. But in many constituencies, it would be nonsense. The greater part of the PLP, having grown to political maturity under the rule of arbitrary patronage, and having been forced to behave as lobby-fodder for all of their Parliamentary lives, have been stripped of their capacity for independent action.

Labour's real problem is almost exactly the reverse of the picture presented by the respectable pundits. So far from the party and the movement dictating to MPs, or even being capable of doing so, it has left them, over the years, to fight all of their own battles with the centrally-established powers of Westminster — and generally speaking to lose them.

☐ On page 3 this week we publish some details of one of the least-reported stories of the year — the case of the demonstrator who was beaten unconscious at the Tory Party conference, and woke up some considerable time later in a police station, where he was offered nothing by way of medical assistance. I invite readers to speculate about the sort of things the respectable press would have said if any dissident voice had been similarly treated at the Labour Party conference.

☐ I believe Mahatma Gandhi was once asked what he thought of European civilisation — and he replied that he thought it would be a good idea. To my mind, the European Commission on Human Rights, and the Commission and Court which attempt to enforce it, are the nearest thing we have yet seen to a practical experiment along the lines that Gandhi was suggesting to us.

Readers of the *NS* will be aware of the extent to which the Convention is beginning to function as a practical resource for British citizens who find that their own law offers them no satisfactory remedy against the arbitrary behaviour of the powers that be. Last week, we reported that the family of Jimmy Kelly are taking their case to Strasbourg: this week on page 13 Francis Wheen shows how an appeal to the Convention has been used to challenge the wholly despotic provisions of the British Mental Health Act. It will come as no surprise, then, to hear that a campaign is now under way to abrogate the right of individual citizens to undertake such suits.

Publicly, all this is the work of a Tory MP named Fred Silvester, but he's thought to have the support of a fair number of Whitehall bureaucrats — especially the Home Office brand — who are weary of being humiliated in Europe. It's one of those campaigns which can succeed through mere inertia, because Britain didn't ratify the Convention article on individual petition until 1966, and then only did so on a temporary basis. It was renewed every two years until 1976, when the decision was made to renew every five years: our ratification will now lapse, short of a new declaration, on 14 January next year. (Question for students of the British Establishment: is our accession to this critical bit of the European Convention 'temporary' in the same sense that the Prevention of Terrorism Act was supposed to be 'temporary'? Don't write on both sides of the paper at once.) The only signatories who haven't ratified the right of individual petition are Greece, Turkey and Cyprus, and they are quite recent recruits. Britain was actually the first country to ratify the general convention, and is now unique among the major signatories in equivocating about the right of individual petition.

☐ William Rees-Mogg made a convincing point last week when he said that the economics of *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* couldn't now be accommodated to each other. 'They have been damaged by our losses, and we have been damaged by their costs', he said — in other words, the problems of the *Sunday Times* are those of a big business, and the problems of *The Times* are those of a relatively small one.

But it wouldn't do for people to think of Rees-Mogg as a scholarly old *Times*person protesting, albeit belatedly, against the failure of grandiloquent plans by the Thomson Organisation. Certainly, there are people around New Printing House Square who can trace their professional origins right back to the old, traditional *Times* — notably Louis Heren, the deputy editor, who started as the equivalent of a copy-boy.

Rees-Mogg, however, isn't one of them. On the contrary, he was the man sent over from the *Sunday Times* just after the takeover with precisely the task of turning *The Times* into a large-scale newspaper, capable of being a proper running-mate for the country's most successful quality Sunday. Had he succeeded in that enterprise — and the Thomson group were certainly generous in the resources they made available — then Times Newspapers today would be in altogether more frisky condition. For those who have a little memory of Fleet Street, the sight of William preaching the 'small is beautiful' doctrine seems rather like Caesar setting out to appropriate the reputation of Vercingetorix.

☐ Capitalism's best historic case is that it wa the first political economy to demand equalit of information. In some capitalist culture notably the American, that ideal retains muc vitality. Not so in Thatcherland.

Rob Rohrer informs me that Whitehall ha sabotaged attempts by the provincial librarie to offer cheap access to the Companies Ac records held in London and Cardiff. Access t company searches — the raw material c business judgment — has been much narrow ed since the Trade Department ended posta searches in 1975. Liverpool Libraries hav developed a successful, self-financing schem for offering company searches to the public Sheffield, Birmingham and Leeds are keen t follow suit. Reginald Eyre, the junior ministe at Trade, expressed enthusiasm last year – but now he has discovered that his departmer can't assist, for 'lack of resources'. Sinc 1976, the government has made £13 millio from its Companies House monopoly, leavin aside the fact that £20 million has gone un collected because companies avoid the obligations. Do you hear that, Adam Smith?

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens fo others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A sausage-making machine manufacturer's plan to erect three flagpoles outside his new £1 millio factory have been rejected by Radstock town cour cil, Somerset, because they are afraid of wha emblem he would use on the flags. Mr Fred Holroy has a silver winged sausage on the bonnet of h Rolls Royce, and councillors are afraid that a simila image on the flags would give a wrong impression o the town. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

☐ A factor affecting inflation which we never hea about is respect; simple respect for the *unit* of cu rency . . . Who can respect a bit of paper that won even buy a decent glass of Scotch? — Letter in *Th Times* (Michael Rubinstein)

☐ Mr Edward Adams, aged 71, a retired schoo caretaker, of Mann Street, Hastings, was met a Bradford station yesterday by the city's Lord Mayo and a brass band, because he is the first person t book a package holiday to the city. — *The Time* (Jennifer & Thomas Radice)

☐ Fifth formers at St Benedict's School, Co chester, Essex, changed places with the staff yeste day to learn something about exercising responsibil ty and authority. Regular teachers entered into th spirit of the occasion by arriving for lessons i gymslips and school uniforms. — *Daily Telegrap* (M. J. Dowsett)

☐ A Devon mother has volunteered to 'soft-soap the unemployed — and give them a clean start in fin ding jobs. Her idea: to wash job applicants an smarten them up for interviews. She has offered t wash them herself, provided someone will supply th soap. — Exeter *Express & Echo* (Chris Davies)

☐ Mr Peter Scott, QC, for the Home Office, told M Justice Woolf that the CRE was acting beyond i powers in seeking to examine the workings of th 1971 Immigration Act. By its very nature th immigration control system was based on raci discrimination, he said. It was no part of th function of the CRE — a body committed t opposing unlawful discrimination — to investigat lawful discrimination. — *Guardian* (Andre McCulloch)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Down on the farm

From A. O. Elmhirst

Has Marion Shoard (NS 10/17 October) ever assisted or even observed a Dales farmer lambing his flock in a blizzard for a week or two, Sundays included? Has she ever assisted at or observed 100 or more cows being rounded up for milking at 5 a.m. and again at 4 p.m. every single day, winter and summer? Of course, there are areas of arable farming where life and profit are easier, but Marion Shoard makes no attempt to present a fair picture of the industry.

We have milked 140 cows twice today (Sunday); they are, as far as possible, fed from our 800 acres, along with 200 young stock. Our rates, from which Marion Shoard says we enjoy complete relief, amounted this year to £2,103, charged on three farm-houses, occupied by ourselves and two of our farm-worker sons and their families, and six other farm workers' houses.

Houndhill, Worsbrough Bridge, Barnsley, Yorks

From Rob Bevin

Marion Shoard's articles mention several good reasons for changing the present system of state support for agriculture. I would like to add one further reason: namely, the devastating effect the system has had on the farming community itself.

By offering grants, subsidies and tax concessions to those farmers who make large capital investments the state is favouring the large-scale farmer. As the wealthy farmer becomes even wealthier, the small-scale farmer is squeezed out. He is unable to compete with his powerful neighbour in the purchase of land. Anyone wishing to enter farming has little chance to buy a small farm on which he could start his career.

When a large holding absorbs a small holding it will probably do so without increasing the size of its labour force. So the net effect is to reduce the numbers working on the land. State support for mechanisation has greatly contributed towards rural depopulation. Despite the very low minimum wage payable to farm workers, farmers still find it cheaper to invest in a new tractor than in a new worker.

50 Eastcotes, Coventry

From Ken Tullett

Members of the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers look with a certain detached interest at the periodic outbreaks of farmer bashing, idly wondering whether we ought to join in. But our support is likely to be withheld from Marion Shoard as long as she persists in referring to us in her patronising, middle-class way as 'farm labourers'. Even the farmers know better than that.

Lowfield Lane, Melton, North Ferriby

From S. B. Boaler

Marion Shoard says that the town and country planning system should be extended to cover farmland. But this is the system and the planners are the people that connived at the destruction of our town and city centres throughout the Sixties and Seventies, while encouraging suburban spread over thousands of acres of adjacent horticultural and agricultural land. I have spent my working life as an ecologist, forester and landscape designer and served two years in the planning department of a rural county, another two in that of a metropolitan district.' I saw no evidence that those making decisions about land use were able to understand the problem, let alone provide the answer.

Further, our planning system is unable to enforce the legal controls already provided by Parliament over 'landscape matters'. I have followed up dozens of building permissions to which planners had attached 'landscape conditions'. In many cases the developers had not submitted plans, as required by law, to regenerate the landscape after building and in those few cases where proposals had been agreed, there was not one in which the work had been completed as shown in the plans.

So what is the solution? I think it will be easier and more democratic to convince the land-owners directly than to first reform planning law, then use the system to bludgeon farmers. It is very difficult for a small group to continue behaving in defiance of public opinion. In fact, there are farmers prepared to conserve the land. In each of the past four years, I have found 10 or 12 farmers to co-operate in our 'free tree' scheme whereby the land-owner provides sites for up to 200 trees.

There is a need to restrict public funding to 'small' farmers who need help and use conservationist methods and to withdraw it from the wealthy by a means test like those used in the payment of social benefits to poor people. In future we have the chance to use our ecological understanding of the resources crisis to direct the changes it will create in agriculture towards conserving the land. For example, reductions in supplies of energy and fertilisers, and their higher costs, will make it necessary to employ more people in agriculture. The extra new farmers, with smaller holdings, will be from a conservationist generation and conservationist farming will work better on their small farms than on the prairies favoured by capitalist agribusiness.

Boaler Landscape Designs, Naunton Beauchamp, Pershore

From Marion Shoard

Martin Wilkinson argues (letters 24 October) that farmers use their subsidies of £10,000 per farmer per year on average to give the public cheaper food. Would that it were so, and it would be so if food were bought and sold in a free market. Under the Common Agricultural Policy, however, there are fixed, high minimum prices for most food products produced within the EEC, while a tariff wall keeps out cheap food from abroad. As a result, consumers in Britain pay about twice the world market price for foods like butter, cheese, beef and barley. The subsidies paid to British farmers do enable them to produce more, but this does not lead to lower prices for the consumer. Instead, surplus production is bought up and disposed of at the expense of the taxpayer. It would be nice to think that there is some way in which this crazy system benefits the public. But there does not appear to be. As I explain in detail in my book, *The Theft of the Countryside*, only the farming community are benefiting from the sacrifice of the English landscape.

15 Melbury Gardens, London SW20

Alternatives to doomsday

From Peter Tatchell

David Fernbach's article on the Home Guard (NS 24 October) was a timely reminder that there is recent precedent for socialists to embrace more radical defence options than the Left's present traditional and narrow focus on nuclear disarmament and reduced defence expenditure. The Home Guard experience points towards an alternative defence strategy based on territorial defence by a citizen's army and a concomitant democratisation of the armed forces along the lines of the Swiss and Scandinavian models. Such a strategy is in no way antagonistic to the goals of detente and disarmament. Since it is manifestly defensive, and therefore not perceived by other countries as a threat to their own security, territorial defence can make a positive contribution to the de-escalation of international tension and the arms race. It is, nevertheless, militarily effective. As the Yugoslavs know well, territorial defence is a potent deterrence to invasion.

It also offers a system of defence which does not require the use of nuclear weapons. It enables countries to base their defence primarily on their own efforts — surely preferable to our present reliance on the doubtful American 'nuclear umbrella'. Finally, the civilianisation of the armed forces would require a long overdue democratisation of the military, including extension of full political, civil and trade union rights to soldiers. Such reforms would lessen the possibility that the armed forces could ever seize power in a coup or be used as an instrument of civil repression. The defence of democracy requires a democratic system of defence. Territorial defence is a viable alternative which socialists should once again embrace.

45 Arrol House, Rockingham Street, London SE1

From Alan Tomlinson

Lawrence Freedman (NS 17 October) provides useful information on Establishment thinking about defence. His unquestioning acceptance of the parameters of such thinking, however, leads me to wonder whether the Royal Institute of International Affairs is funded by the MOD or DES and whether 'International Affairs' is a capitalist synonym for war. The political pressures on defence policy that he identifies are the compromise between the three services, the interests of the defence industry and Britain's position within NATO. The people of Britain don't get a look in even though their anger at increased spending on defence when health, education and housing are taking a hammering must have at least a few members of the government looking nervously over their shoulders. Mr Freedman asserts that 'the real choice to be faced is not so much between conventional and nuclear forces as between the two major conventional roles'. For the thousands of people on the CND march on 26 October the former is by far the most real choice. Beyond that, why is our choice limited to 'the two major conventional roles' and no more? Lawrence Freedman assumes our continued participation in NATO and its synonymity with defence.

Mr Freedman is not alone in equating our defence with NATO. He shares the notion with other contributors to your Defence of Britain series, together with an unquestioning attitude towards the received notion of defence. NATO's operations look pretty offensive to me.

71B Oakfield Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham B12

Solidarity with Eastern Europe

From Nigel Doggett

Events in the recent past in Poland emphasised the need for the British Labour movement to declare unequivocally its solidarity with the struggle of the working class of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union for full trade union and democratic rights. Since 1978 the Eastern Europe Solidarity Campaign has kept trade unionists and socialists informed of events in Eastern Europe and the USSR as well as campaigning for the victims of oppression there. This year we have been the forefront of those organising support for the Polish workers and we invited Edmund Baluka, who led the 1970 shipyard strike in Szczecin to this country to address several meetings. We have launched an appeal to recoup Edmund Baluka's travel expenses and we hope that those who support us will join the EESC and donate generously. Cheques/postal orders made out to the Eastern Europe Solidarity Campaign and requests for information can be sent to me at the address below.

12 Westbury Road, Northwood, Middx

Pimp's protest

From Michael Scammell

Charles Marowitz (NS 24 October) compares translators to pimps and complains that, since we are not the source of the customer's pleasure, we shouldn't try to grab the whole of the fee. Quite right. All we are asking is that he and the other whores in the theatre give us our fair share for providing them with an opportunity to supply their cheap thrills.

Clematis Cottage, St Johns Road, Woking, Surrey

Who's for genocide?

One item in Anthony Barnett's catalogue of UN votes for and against Pol Pot (NS 24 October) was incorrect. Austria did not support Pol Pot last year, but abstained, as it did this year. It was in fact Samoa which moved, with Norway and Iceland, from support to abstention. Our apologies for this error, which crept in while details were being transmitted by telephone.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Painted lady

In the dear, dead and happy days before the world at large became so skilful at seeing through and denigrating everybody and everything and when one was encouraged to look up to people rather than down one's nose at them, we all at my prep school (for new readers, Stirling Court on the Hampshire coast) had an immense admiration for an Australian cricketer called W. H. Ponsford. He would have been at that time in his mid-twenties and snaps showed a charming, healthy, square-cut face, not unlike one of those delightful Bedsers. Why we should have lighted on him, who can say, but light we did. In our pencil and paper games of what was called dab cricket, he went in first, as indeed he did in life, with W. M. Woodfull and, by dint of half-opening one's eyes before bringing the pencil down by mistake on a 'Run Out' or 'Caught Long-on', one was able to make him score century after century (he once made 429 against Tasmania but, much as we revered him, it would have taken too long, impatient as we were for a win, to make him notch up 429).

At least two daily papers, and three Sundays, supply an eager public with details of birthdays, culled no doubt from *Who's Who*, sometimes of well-known public figures still flamboyantly before us, and sometimes of unknowns who, as far as one is concerned, have been modestly labouring in secret and hiding their lights under bushels (Lady Jean Sidebotham, 78. J. de B. Pincock, 94. The Hoot of McHoot, 103) and it was with some emotion that I saw in my *Daily Telegraph* that on Sunday, October 19th, W. H. Ponsford would be 80. He lives still, and hooray for that, and one's mind flies instantly to others of one's youthful heroes and heroines. Jack Buchanan is, very sadly, dead and those lazy, lissome limbs (so much more restful than Astaire's) delight no more, but Binnie Hale and Dorothy Dickson are with us yet and long may it be so. The lady whom many consider to have been the world's best golfer of either sex, Joyce Wethered, kindly and contentedly shows endless visitors round her beautiful and famous gardens at Knightshayes outside Tiverton. What, I wonder, of dear Betty Nuthall, so like, in many ways, our admirable Christine Truman, both of them so very very nearly so very very good? A happy grandmother, perhaps, occasionally coaxed on court ('Now, you're not to make granny run!') for a knock-up with grandchildren? I do hope so, for she belongs to a time when there were charming, smiling faces to be seen at Wimbledon, now rather a rarity.

Among the people deeply admired by my father (Stanley Baldwin, Dickens, Joseph Paxton, Scott of the Antarctic) there was a spinster lady whose life and *raison d'être* were both wrapped in complete mystery but, whenever the conversation at home chanced to turn to the Pankhursts, or Grace Darling, or Nurse Cavell or any other staunch woman with noble and brave deeds to her credit, my father seldom failed to wind up the proceedings, so to speak, by saying 'Ah, but just look at Miss Cattermole!' We looked indeed, but we looked in vain. We had her name, but what her fame? What had placed her, not only in the intrepid class, but also at the top of the ladder? It never quite did to ask my father a direct question, for the answer, if such it may be called, was likely to be 'And why do you ask?', which somewhat interrupted the free and friendly flow of chat. If one had said, factually but rudely, 'Because I want to know', huffy looks and moody silences would have followed. My mother, cross-questioned as to Miss Cattermole's obviously sensational achievements, said 'Oh, she's that woman of your father's who did something helpful for strikers at a factory gate' and then, seeing that she had implied that Miss Cattermole had 'obliged' a line of unemployed, she burst, as usual, into loud shrieks and we had, as so often with us, to discontinue the conversation in case total hysteria set in. So, unfortunately, I learnt no more and my father died with the answer to the Cattermole Riddle in his eternal keeping.

How greatly he would have relished, for she stands almost alone in the field of really sustained female intrepidity, Miss Margaret Fountaine, a Victorian lady who travelled the world netting butterflies and men in almost equal quantities and it is not always easy to tell which catch the affectionate diurnal lepidopterist prized more though, despite a lot of — revolting phrase — 'heavy petting', her imperilled virginity didn't actually go pop until she was 41 (she was given to yelling 'Hook it!' to over-intense suitors and she had at command a fine string of oaths). In 1940 this unusual woman was discovered dying by a road-side in Trinidad, her butterfly net at hand and still, at 78, on the hunt, at least for butterflies. She had prudently arranged for her diaries, which run to well over a million words, her sketch books and her ten enormous display cases containing 22,000 butterflies, to be deposited (not to be touched until 1978) with the Castle Museum in Norwich and now, expertly and wittily edited by W. F. Cater, Miss Fountaine's revelations burst upon us in *Love Among the Butterflies*, published (and a real snip at £8.50) by Messrs Collins, with enchanting colour plates and innumerable gorgeous butterflies.

In the last century it was never easy for a spinster to escape from home but she achieved this welcome feat in 1891 when, aged 29 and with a small private income, she set off quite alone for Geneva and, eventually, Naples, Corsica, Switzerland, France, Palestine, Egypt, West Indies, Bournemouth, South Africa and Australia. She was, as they say, between men. At Norwich there had been the curate, Mr Swindell and an Irish chorister, tipsy Septimus Hewson ('I felt him touch me as he looked under my umbrella') who sang 'Oh Rest in the Lord' so attractively prior to jilting her. A brisk reference to 'the raging fires of passion that rend my breast', a happy realisation that the world of Scarce Swallowtails and Camberwell Beauties is the one for her, and then, in Florence, up pops Signor Scafidi, who forgets himself ('Worthless buffoon'). In no time at all, and after an exciting sighting of a Greater Tortoiseshell ('I sprang up and seized my net'), Dr Galli-Valerio gets fidgety in Milan but is helpful with cough mixtures. A change of hair style and her smart 'butterfly attire' attracts three Palermo youths ('I found they belonged to the fastest set in town') who, as a ruse, ask to see her butterflies, a predicament from which a Baron rescues her (*'Vous êtes si jolie, si blanche'*) and, seeking a reward, has to be cooled off (*'Je ne fais pas ça'*). And here I have to say that Miss Fountaine was quite shameless in leading men on, though there is an uglier verb for it.

The diary was dotted with excellent studio portrait photographs, some reproduced here, of Miss Fountaine at various stages — aged 19, 26, 37 (with bicycle), 40 and 50. It is a firm, thin-lipped, long-nosed face, handsome rather than pretty, and one begins to wonder whether some of her amatory moments were possibly something of a figment of those raging and unstoked fires. Anyhow, on, between butterflies, they relentlessly went. There was a young Italian at Messina, aged only twenty-three ('I was twenty-six, ahem!' quips our girl, being a good old 34) and, on a visit home, a friendly lad from Wallace's Cycle Depot. In Hungary there was whiskery Dr Popovich who brought up her breakfast coffee and stole a kiss ('I overlooked the impertinence'). There were admiring glances at the Budapest Entomological Society meeting and, though in general she shows a preference for foreigners ('I suppose that Englishmen do make love sometimes, too'), in a crisis almost any man will do, be he an Egyptian ship's officer ('He told me I looked forty. Of course I instantly denied it'), a vice-consul, a coffee planter (keen on free love) or a Hungarian (*'Guten Abend'*) up to no good ('I jumped on my bicycle').

And then, after lecturing in Jamaica on The Sagacity of Caterpillars, true love arrived in the unexpected form of a married Syrian dragoman ('I love very much your legs') with whom she lived, in almost total happiness and partly in West Hampstead, for years. A splendid woman. What a shame that she existed before the days of 'This Is Your Life'.

Roger Woddis

Cowboys

'Republicans have a habit of spreading around a lot of horse manure just before an election.' — President Carter.

Oh, give me a home
Near the Capitol Dome,
Where a born-again Christian can pray;
Where seldom is heard
A Republican turd,
And the air has a lovely bouquet.

Home, home once again,
Where I'm sure as hell aimin' to stay;
Where hearts will be stirred
When I'm booted and spurred,
And I ride into town on the day.

Oh, let me stay pure
And untouched by manure,
Or the sound of it hitting the fan;
Though the fire has gone cold,
And the dream is on hold,
I still bank on a deal with Iran.

Home, home once again,
Where the donkey and elephant play;
Where I am preferred,
And the diff'rence is blurred
In the good old American way.

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MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

Hermione Lee

Exhausting the Possibilities

Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner
edited by Joseph Blotner *Chatto* £12.95

There is a story in this collection of a boy who is being taught to shoot by the ageing grandson of an Indian chief. Their hunting party rouses a huge buck, only seen by the boy and the old Indian, Sam Fathers, who salutes it as the incarnation (or 'avatar', as Faulkner would say) of his grandfather. When the hunt is over the boy, Quentin Compson, recounts the event to his father, who replies with a singular speech about the probability of ghosts:

> You can't be alive forever, and you always wear out life before you have completely exhausted the possibilities of living. And all that must be somewhere. And the earth is shallow; there is not a great deal of it before you come to the rock. And even that does not want to keep things. . .

When this story was expanded and changed to a third-person narrative as 'The Old People' section of *Go Down, Moses,* the father (now Ike McCaslin, not Mr Compson) says: 'And all that must be somewhere; all that could not have been invented and created just to be thrown away. And the earth is shallow. . .'

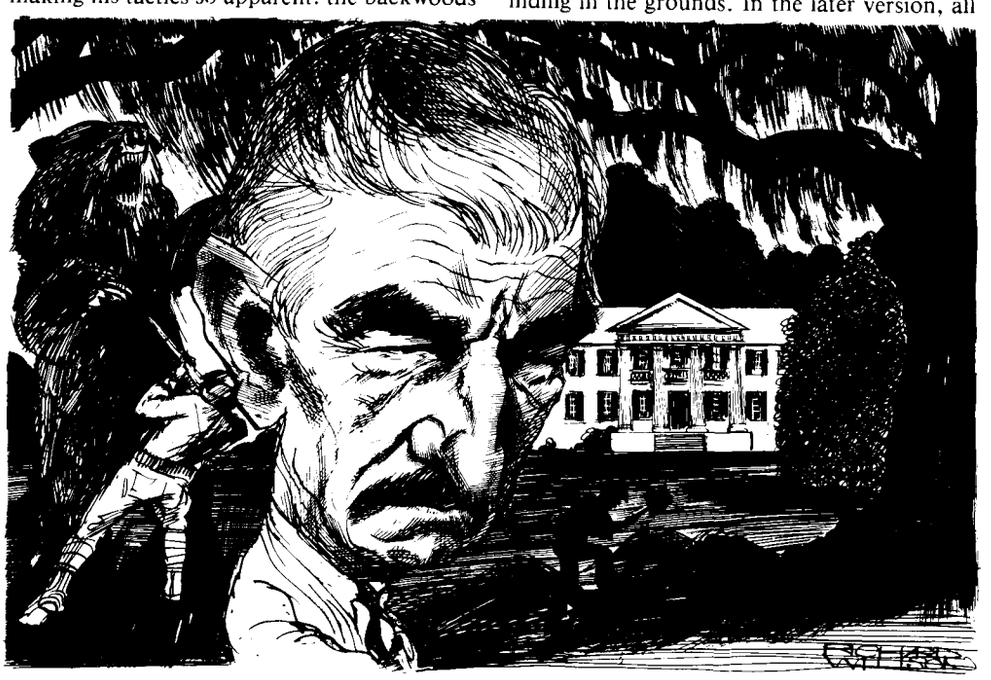
The episode illustrates both what the stories are like and what Faulkner does with them. Like many of his narrators, the boy is being 'blooded', learning not only the laws of the wilderness but the laws of life. The 'blooding' may take place at the hunt or in the Civil War or on a bootlegging trip out from New Orleans, but is bound to precipitate him into a man's world. Faulkner's taste for violence and *machismo* seems more pronounced, more simplified, in the stories.

Implacability, though, cuts across the sexes. The idea that people are frantically struggling to 'exhaust the possibilities of living' before time runs out is built into all those stories (and they are many) which are about obsession, frenzy, an 'unflagging dream'. Those of Faulkner's people who aren't simply moribund are all 'set' on something, whether it be finding the bear or their wife's ghost or their son's regiment, or murdering an enemy or seducing a girl or getting rich. The Faulknerian archetype is Henry Armstid (in one of the finest stories, 'Lizards in Jamshyd's Courtyard') digging up the grounds of a house in a besotted, pitiable, ghastly search for money that isn't there, 'spading himself into the waxing twilight with the regularity of a mechanical toy and with something monstrous in his unflagging effort, as if the toy were too light for what it had been set to do, and too tightly wound'.

A man hacking furiously and futilely away at the 'shallow' earth is Faulkner's idea of existence. It's also an illustration of how he writes out of a single image. We know that *The Sound and the Fury* began as a mental picture of Caddy with muddy pants in the tree, and grew out of that, from a short story, into a novel with four different narratives. The stories clearly display this method of work: almost all are centred on visual 'epiphanies', of the war and its aftermath, of lonely grotesques who might have come out of Sherwood Anderson (Henry Armstid digging), of inductions into manhood like the sighting of the bear ('it loomed and towered over him like a cloudburst') or the manifestation of the buck.

The growth of a story out of an image is only part of the process of accumulation and revision which might be explained by the sentence which Faulkner added to the father's speech in 'The Old People': 'All that could not have been invented and created just to be thrown away.' A large part of this edition consists of first drafts of material used again in *The Unvanquished* or *The Hamlet* or *Go Down, Moses.* But the hitherto uncollected or unpublished stories are, also, packed with trial versions of characters and incidents which would be re-used in later contexts.

So this volume is not only an intriguing record of Faulkner's hits and misses, but also an invaluable basis for considering his development. Even the weaker stories are of interest in making his tactics so apparent: the backwoods



similes ('He was a New Englander, with a face like a worn doormat'; 'Feet sounded on the stairs — like lumps of half-baked dough slopping off a table'), the favourite phrasings ('wanton and static unconcern', 'vacant and dissolving bones', 'dizzy and faint incandescence'), the overworked words (voluptuous, immolated, fecund, refulgence, avatar, furious and tragic) are as yet sticking out like (in fact) lumps of half-baked dough.

And the early work displays, with a touching ingenuousness, the seminal influences, of Anderson, of Twain, and of Eliot, Joyce and Conrad. 'Once Upon a Lugger', the 1928 bootlegging story whose protagonists are all bursting with 'a sense of hoepless enslavement to an obscure compulsion' actually allows the narrator to think about Conrad and the lustful working-man in 'Nympholepsy' imagines a girl crossing his path like 'defunctive music'. In 'A Portrait of Elmer', begun in Paris in 1925, the hero is meditating in Montparnasse at dusk. At one point he murmurs to himself 'O and thy little girl white all', echoing Leopold Bloom's thought about Gertie MacDowell. Then, blithely turning from Bloom into Prufrock he compares the evening to 'a patient anaesthetised and dying after an operation'.

But though the language of the early stories comes trailing clouds of modernism, their structure is often more direct than the later versions. Faulkner's tendency is to begin with the picture or episode, and later to build that into a narrator's extended retrospections or philosophisings. The story of the white trash boy (who will as a result become a 'big shot') being turned away from the front door of the plantation owner's house is elaborated as it recurs through two stories and several drafts of *Absalom, Absalom!:* in its final form it has acquired a long comment on loss of innocence. As Faulkner's sentences become less wistful, denser and more complex, so his 'epiphanies' are worked into the whole fabric of personal and historical experience.

A comparison of 'Lizards in Jamshyd's Courtyard' (1930-ish) with *The Hamlet* (1940) brings this home. In the story, a single sentence tells us the history of the house and the probable fate of its owner. A bit later there's the description of Henry's digging. Then there's a flashback to Henry and two companions hiding in the grounds. In the later version, all that is contained in one suspended sentence:

> Then on hands and knees Bookwright was crawling after the others in a path through a mass of man-tall briers and weeds and persimmon shoots, overtaking them where they lay flat at the edge of a vague slope which rose to the shaggy crest on which, among oaks, the shell of the tremendous house stood where it had been decreed to by the imported and nameless architect and its master whose anonymous dust lay with that of his blood and of the progenitors of saxophone players in Harlem honkytonks beneath the weathered and illegible headstones on another knoll four hundred yards away, with its broken roof and topless chimneys and one high rectangle of window through which he could see the stars in the opposite sky.

It's a sentence which is trying to 'exhaust the possibilities', to persuade itself for the duration that it *can* 'be alive for ever'; an attempt for which an analogue may be found both in the behaviour of Faulkner's characters and in his refusal to let go of anything he ever wrote.

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Art and Reality

JOHN BERGER was at one time Art Critic of the *New Statesman*. Recently his *Success and Failure of Picasso* (£7.95) has been re-issued by Writers & Readers, together with a new collection of essays, *About Looking* (£5.95). Below we publish two contrasting reactions to these books by JOHN SPURLING and PETER FULLER.

1: In the Pulpit

One recognises Berger as a pulpiteer rather than as a simple art critic by his instant readability. Note the way he grabs you with his opening sentences, his insistently polemical posture and his frequent use of direct questions, conversational gambits and snippets of anecdote. These rhetorical devices serve not only to keep his audience awake but also to cover abrupt surges in the argument.

Is he, then, a negligible art critic? By no means! If the function of art-criticism is chiefly, as Kenneth Clark suggests, to help you look at art with renewed attention, Berger's does that as well as anyone's. The trouble is that he doesn't see it quite that way himself. For him the function of art-criticism is to help you look at life with renewed attention, which would be admirable if his own view of life were not so extraordinarily narrow. Of course it is precisely this narrowness, this compulsive simplification, which makes a successful pulpiteer, but it is a vicious circle. If he weren't so bothered about life, he'd be able to look at more art; if he looked at more art, he'd be able to see more life; if he saw more life, he wouldn't be so bothered about imposing a simplified view of it on other people. But then perhaps he wouldn't feel the need to be an art-critic at all and that, in spite of his narrowness, would be a loss.

How so? (this style is catching). The fact that the art he looks at is mainly old and accepted doesn't signify. Good art is good in so far as it is perennially new, so that if one is concerned with looking at art, the only criterion is how thoroughly one looks, not whether the work is by a living or dead artist. The particularity, the depth of interest is preserved in the work and the viewer, regardless of his own shortcomings, is required only to penetrate to it. So, although Berger — in his well-known book on Picasso (now reprinted) — may dismiss most of the art of his own time with the casual aside that it is 'either banally and mechanically naturalistic or else abstract', his response to individual examples of old art remains enthusiastic, original and stimulating. Whether one agrees or disagrees with his assessment of Picasso as a great revolutionary artist who was prevented from developing by his own success, Berger leads one to the paintings and makes one see them as statements or questions in a living language instead of as dead objects. The same goes for his treatment of Millet, Courbet, Turner, Grünewald, Paul Strand and others in the new collection of essays *About Looking*.

But the life Berger invites us to look at is another matter. Discussing a painting of a prostitute by Rouault in which 'what degrades the woman . . . are the black lines with which Rouault has outlined and interpreted her', he writes:

> A work like this is born of a vision which condemns the world *a priori*. The judgement does not arise out of what it shows; on the contrary, what it shows has been sought in order to confirm the judgement.

Berger's powerful, simplifying rhetoric is such that you don't immediately see the irony of this. Presumably he doesn't see it himself. But after a while the perpetual harping on the sins of others, the implicit or explicit assumption throughout these essays that a whole mass of generalised evildoers and their dupes — capitalists, bourgeois, inheritors of Western culture, professional artists, consumers, tourists, city-dwellers, pet-lovers, users of household gadgets, motorists — is responsible for degrading life, makes you suddenly stand up in your pew and ask who is talking. A socialist, yes, a man who has seen the light and can show it to you in Millet and Courbet, Grünewald and Hals. But not a very sociable socialist. Is he any less misanthropic than Rouault, any less preconceptual in his judgments than those he despises? Are there any of us not in some way tarred with his brush, degraded with his black lines? Where can we escape to, away from our cars, our culture, our cities, our pets, our household gadgets?

As to the future, his answer is vague and oracular. It will not be 'this side of several revolutions'. Meanwhile there is the past, consisting of nature (nature entered and lived with, not just 'viewed' as tourists and most landscape artists see it) and peasants, who are themselves at one with nature. Well, he practises what he preaches; he has gone to live a peasant life himself in the South of France. But we are rather short of peasant environments over here and perhaps, all of us, rather unwelcome in the still undeveloped communities of the rest of the world. Besides, do we really share his myopic vision? Are we as ready as he is to condemn *en bloc* not only most of the art of the 20th century but much of its life too? Consider (I'm still infected with his style) the preacher's peroration on Courbet:

> He was opposing art to any hierarchical system or to any culture whose function is to diminish or deny the expression of a large part of what exists. He was the only great painter to challenge the chosen ignorance of the cultured.

Amen to that, whichever way you look at it.

John Spurling

2: Point of Change

John Berger was at first (though not for as long as his opponents like to suggest) a supporter of Socialist Realism. He was shaped by his opposition to the crude anti-Communist culture of the Cold War. In the British art world of the 1950s, Berger was a lone voice from the Left. In the introduction to *Permanent Red* — a collection of essays written for the *New Statesman* in the Fifties, reissued last year — Berger describes how he had to fight for his weekly article 'line by line, adjective by adjective, against constant editorial cavilling'. When Berger reviewed an exhibition of Henry Moore's, arguing that it revealed a falling-off from his earlier achievements, the British Council actually telephoned the artist to apologise.

I have always admired Berger for his 'way of looking'. Unlike sociological or structuralist writing on art, Berger's is always rooted in his own critical experience of the work (or phenomenon) in question. But, unlike the formalists, he insists on making sense of what he sees in terms of knowledge, experience, and history beyond the immediate domain of art. Of course, some art writers advocate one of these approaches to the exclusion of the other; but apart from Berger and Max Raphael, few insist on the necessity of both.

Unlike Raphael, however, Berger is a true populist, expressing difficult and original insights in language which assumes a minimum of specialist knowledge and which remains vividly accessible to anyone prepared to attend seriously to it.

Both these books exemplify Berger's approach. At the time *Picasso* was first published, in 1965, much writing on the artist was hagiographic mush. One critic suggested that where others had eyes, Picasso had two black diamonds. Berger emphasises that Picasso was a *prodigy*: his father, a traditional art teacher, abandoned his brush in favour of his son when the boy was only 14. But Picasso was to become the prisoner of his own virtuosity.

Berger does not deny Picasso his moments of success. He argues that the most significant of these was the Cubist phase, combining the 'materialism' of Courbet and the 'dialectic' of Cézanne to produce 'the only example of dialectical materialism in painting'. The Cubists, the 'last optimists' in art, offered a vision of the world which looked towards a better future. But that vision was shattered by the catastrophic events of 20th-century history,

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which deprived the painter of his subjects. The artist came to be admired for what he *was* (a 'genius') rather than for what he made. Picasso's name was known to countless thousands: but there was nothing to resist and shape his talent, 'neither the subject, nor his awareness of reality as understood by others'.

An expressionist portrait by Van Gogh speaks eloquently of the sitter. But of a stylistically comparable picture by Picasso, Berger asks:'What is all the drama about? Unhappily, it is about being painted by Picasso.' By the 1950s, Picasso is so desperate for subjects that he is reduced to plundering Poussin and Velasquez for frameworks within which he can display his style, though in the best of his paintings from 1931 to 1943 he found the forms to express that ecstatic state beyond individuality achievable through sexual union. But Berger emphasises the ahistorical character of this and suggests that even *Guernica* is an exercise in autobiography rather than history painting.

But Berger is not interested in 'debunking' Picasso. He wrestles with the work of the most significant painter of our time and sets his successes and failures in the context of global history. As he writes, 'What happens to an artist's gifts may well reveal in a coded or cyphered way what is happening to his contemporaries'. Thus he says our debt to Picasso and his failures, if we understand them properly, should be enormous.

Although I believe that Berger's *Picasso* is one of the most brilliant and audacious art critical studies of the last 30 years, I would judge Picasso somewhat differently. The processes Berger so vividly describes can be seen even more acutely in an almost equally talented but much more severely imprisoned painter, Jackson Pollock. In his drip paintings, Pollock demonstrated that he could find no escape from his dazzling stylistic accomplishments, or himself. He thus throws the all important, self-transcending residue in Picasso (which Berger downplays) into relief. After all, *Guernica* is not Pollock's *Lavender Mist*. But would Berger write about Picasso in precisely the same way if he was working on this artist today? An important essay in *About Looking* (a collection of essays about visual phenomena, originally published in the 1960s and 1970s) suggests not.

In 'Between Two Colmars', Berger describes the difference between his experience of Grünewald's Altarpiece on his first visit in 1963, and on his return 10 years later. He points out that halfway between these visits occurred a dramatic 'point of change'. In 1968, hopes, nurtured for years, were born in several places in the world and given their names; and in the same year, these hopes were defeated.

> The first time I saw the Grünewald I was anxious to place *it* historically. In terms of medieval religion, the plague, medicine, the Lazar house. Now I have been forced to place myself historically. In a period of revolutionary expectation, I saw a work of art which had survived as evidence of the past's despair; in a period which has to be endured, I see the same work miraculously offering a narrow pass across despair.

At the time Berger made his first visit to Colmar, he must have been working on this study of Picasso. But I am writing from within that 'period which has to be endured'. It may not be just a matter of 'taste' which leads me to emphasise that residue which provides a 'narrow pass across despair' rather than the failure of Picasso.

Peter Fuller

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John Fuller

May I Sit Down?

These six stanzas come from John Fuller's new long narrative poem *The Illusionists* (Secker, 3 November, £3.59). The protagonist, Tim, an undergraduate, encounters in a café the sinister Quancy — a fateful meeting.

Manipulators never hurry.
They like a sedentary pace.
Their choice is sometimes arbitrary
Depending on their victim's face,
A safer tie or shirt that's cleaner,
A modesty in his demeanour
That seems to show he might be used
Or propositions not refused.
No need to ask why Tim was chosen.
There's always someone to be caught
As groping arms touch, though unsought,
A fleeing shape that's pinned there frozen,
As will in action must take aim,
Or a statistic someone's name.

'My name is Quancy. You don't know me
But I know you. (May I sit down?
Thank you.) I asked someone to show me
Where one drinks coffee in this town
And here I am, you find me drinking
It! I did so, little thinking
That you'd be here, but it was you
I came to find. Yes, yes, it's true!
I work in A.T.I. Dear Richard,
Your cousin Richard, told me to look
You up. What *is* that curious book?'
Tim blushed, and then began to fidget.
He coughed. He smiled. He dropped a fork.
Did anything in fact but talk.

Quancy was not put off. How little
Responses to one's gambits count!
Enthusiastic, noncommittal,
It matters not, and no amount
Of tactful fencing ever really
Wears an assailant down who clearly
Has it in his mind to stay.
Tim wanted him to go away
And sat there in a hopeful silence
Meditating various crimes
With headlines in the *Camford Times*:
'Man dead in café. Shocking violence.
Expert in Renaissance art
Stabbed with a teaspoon through the heart.'

But all to no avail. The chatter
Detained him, powerless, like a spell.
Nothing else much seemed to matter.
The adam's apple rose and fell
And Quancy's cake-strewn conversation
Dominated the occasion:
'You write, I hear? Oh yes, I've seen
Reviews in the student magazine.
Quite a talent for analysis.
We all thought so. I liked the one
On Dali and the visual pun
(Elephants into swans and phalluses
And so on). Yes, we see these things
In London. Genius has wings.'

To reach the very heart of the matter
In words so casual and brief
Shows you how genius can flatter:
Surrealist painting was the chief
Of Tim's few interests. Amazing!
There is a subtle art in praising
Which only demons tend to know
And Quancy knew. As flowers grow
In marshes, so in his conversation
Bloomed all the favourite names: Delvaux,
Man Ray, Max Ernst, de Chirico.
Small details showed his obligation
To Tim's reviews, and his respect.
How could Tim possibly object?

Indeed, it almost made him curious
To find out more of Quancy's game,
Whose interest could of course be spurious,
Simply a smokescreen. All the same,
Even as he sat and glowered,
Tim saw that Quancy was high-powered
And if not absolutely high,
Someone at least in A.T.I.
Who might assist him with employment —
For undergraduates a ditch
Not quite the last of ditches which
They don't, though, view with much enjoyment
And which as time goes on they find
They somehow have to bear in mind.

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Helen McNeil

Star Trek

Show People by KENNETH TYNAN *Weidenfeld* £8.95

In a 1953 'Homage' to Noel Coward, Kenneth Tynan wrote that 'To be famous young and to make fame last — the secret of combining the two is glandular: it depends upon energy'. Tynan was 26 and semi-famous when he wrote that. His elegant enthusiasm remains so attractive that one wants only to play along with such a highly-styled game. Yet in the Coward piece, as in the interview articles in *Show People*, Tynan is first caught by the phenomenon of fame; he transmits this starry glow enhanced by his own pleasure in it; then, perhaps, he looks for where it came from. In the Coward piece, after the apophthegmatic opener, Tynan lapses gently into truth: Coward's ability to 'romp' fastidiously' amounted to an eternally prolonged, leathery adolescence. Coward's well-preserved fame came from wit, hard work, and a carefully-judged acting-out of the middle-class camp tastes of his audience.

For Tynan and for Coward, as for F. Scott Fitzgerald, personality was a series of successful gestures, a performance. When Tynan has someone else's performance to react to, his own stylish response could be brilliant. He had a generous expectation of delight from the theatre which only Harold Hobson, among modern British critics, has matched, and he could distinguish with ease and apparent accuracy between the contributions of actor, director, and playwright. When he has only personality to go on, Tynan has difficulty conveying action except in the eternal present of the interview.

If we take Tynan's marvellous decade-long address to the English stage as his great contribution — and I would — then *Show People* is a pleasant aside. In his drama criticism, Tynan always assumed a worthy audience, present or potential. Meanwhile, with ever-accelerating glee, he was launching himself on his own 'permanent *Star Trek*', as Alan Brien, in the recent memorial service, affectionately called Tynan's fascination with other people's fame. Away from performance, he also lost respect for audience, and, with it, respect for his own ideas, though he never says how, or why, this happened. In these late essay-interviews, his style seeks to ingratiate itself with an apparently uncaring audience, even though, in the case of several interviews, it is his old audience, the readers of the *Observer*.

When Tynan seeks out bed-ridden, despairing Louise Brooks in Rochester, New York, the former silent film star is moved to tears by this tenacious acolyte who worships still because she was a goddess once. When Tynan keeps on and on writing his profile of Tom Stoppard after a sycophantic beginning, he gradually encircles his subject. Often, though, in *Show People* we have the uncritical intimacy of old-style insider journalism. Tynan as attendant lord has made himself into a kind of Johnny Carson of the printed page, jocular, keeping his secrets, not quite exportable, and always knowing. His interviewees always speak to 'me', just missing saying, 'Well, Ken . . .' in the manner of American generals and British sports figures. Tynan is so much the insider that he's invited to a cricket match between teams led by Harold Pinter and Tom Stoppard, yet so completely has he donned the mask of middle-brow reader-surrogate that he gloats over his intimacy and, yes, the Pinter and the Stoppard cricket styles do remind him of their respective roles in the English stage.

In 1976, 'Tom and I' are heading for Oxford and dinner at the High Table of New College with Sir Alfred Ayer. Ayer's persistent refusal to identify himself with Archie, the Ayery monster of *Jumpers*, led Ayer to offer one of the most perceptive and sympathetic readings of the play, too sympathetic, indeed, in its attribution of love to Stoppard characters whose bodies stop at their mouths. It's nice to know that after dinner Stoppard quoted Bertrand Russell verbatim, but since Tynan has already tipped us off that Ayer's true importance lay in his being Oxford's 'reigning superstar', mere ideas or (what we have instead) mere references to utterances of ideas need the clothing of a performance mackintosh to look properly sexy: 'we march in procession . . . we move on to a panelled, candlelit chamber . . .' It's a scene set in Crusts College, from the kind of English 'Loamshire' comedy Tynan made his name by mocking.

Show People is most valuable for the people Tynan spends the least time with: Johnny Carson, Mel Brooks (who is allowed to perform for himself most of the time), and Louise Brooks, that perfect star who didn't have the energy to stay famous. American origins mean that some pieces bear cisatlantic stigmata, as when Ralph Richardson is interviewed by 'Russell Harty, a dapper North Country man who runs the most popular chat show on the British commercial channel' or young Stoppard is said to have left Bristol only to 'take an apartment in Notting Hill Gate, a dingy West London suburb'. Apartment? Suburb? in 1962? All the profiles benefit from Tynan's political nose for where the money comes from. After Stoppard answers vaguely but honestly that he thinks he made £150,000 from *Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern*, sleuth Tynan goes straight to Stoppard's agent, who 'tells me' the real figure is at least twice that. At more than 2½ million dollars a year, Johnny Carson is a bargain, since his *Tonight* show makes between 50 and 60 million for the NBC network. In 1977 a 60 second commercial on Johnny Carson cost about 40,000 dollars.

Kenneth Tynan played in the West End for more than 10 years, and he wrote during a great age of English drama whose success he fought for. Now that memories are fading of productions 20 or more years ago, Tynan's accounts are fast becoming our collective memory of what the English theatre was. I never saw the Olivier-Richardson performance of Henry IV, Parts I and II, but seeing Tynan's delight, I believe in its greatness. The English stage today bears witness to Tynan's encouragement of subtle, slightly against-the-grain performances, his love of wit, and his readiness to accept the new, however intermittently all of this is visible in the National Theatre for which Tynan also campaigned successfully. In the Foreword to *Show People*, he wrote that his reviews were the work of a 'literary sprinter'. They weren't. They're small prose miracles. They begin declaratively, each sentence marching under its own orders, often parallel in structure but with paradoxical content. Then Tynan would broaden out with a flood of metaphors, one to a sentence, and expert cultural placements, often two to a sentence: "My Rattigan's play is a Jack Harkaway adventure with a Freudian core'. Or in a *Giselle* that Tynan found empty of everything except posturing, Margot Fonteyn 'was every bit as poignant as Mary Pickford at her peak', and Nureyev had the 'delinquent pathos' of 'the young Johnny Ray'.

As a writer completely, happily of his age, Tynan will probably last longer than critics who try to speak on behalf of history. He always got the taste of a performance he saw, even if the larger structures which he didn't see continued to harden all around him. The permissive era which he seemed to personify in the late Sixties is as dead as the flapper, even if skirts are short again. And now Tynan is dead at a young age, even if *Oh! Calcutta* is playing in Norwich as I write.

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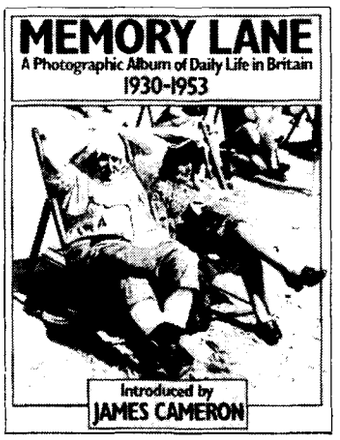

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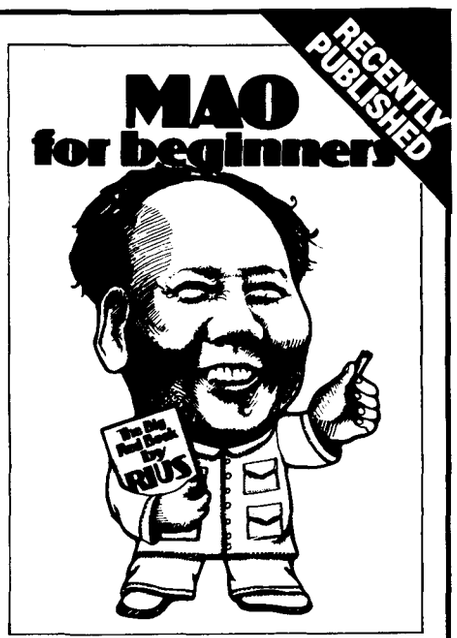
Michael Harloe

The Politics of Urban Neglect

Until the early Seventies British planning and industrial location policies were based on the assumption that most of the conurbations were too large, too congested and too wealthy and that that their population and industry should be redistributed to the less well-off areas, principally those in the North, Scotland and Wales, and to the new towns. Like most ideas that come to dominate policy making, this analysis was based on the selective over-simplification of reality. It ignored, for example, the fact that, within the apparently prosperous conurbations, there were, as there had always been, substantial sectors of the working class who shared little of it at all in this prosperity. It ignored too the reality of the selective out-migration of the more affluent workers and of the more successful businesses, in search of better housing, larger sites for new factories and better communications, which pre-dated any political encouragement for such movement. In short the policies which aimed to disperse people and jobs from the big cities were based on the principle of redistribution between *areas*, rather than the more fundamental, and politically embarrassing, principle of redistribution between and within *classes*, and went in ignorance of the selective class-based processes of out-migration which were already occurring.



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However, in the Seventies there was a 'rediscovery' of some of the facts which had earlier been ignored. Alarm bells began to ring when it was realised that all was not well in many of the older and larger cities, for despite their aggregate prosperity they also contained a substantial and increasingly visible array of deprived households. There were many reasons for this shift in thinking, including concern about the growth of racism in such areas as well as the acceleration of inner-city decline as the national economy began to collapse. But the 'inner-city problem' finally achieved full official recognition only when Peter Shore, then at the Department of the Environment, published a White Paper on inner-city policies in 1977. Here, once again, problems that were essentially class-based were misconstrued as area-based, and optimistic claims were made for the ability of state policies to solve, or, at the very least to alleviate, the consequences for the inner cities of uneven capitalist economic development. Shore chose to ignore the far more fundamental (and radical) analyses of so called inner-city problems then being advanced by the Community Development Projects.

In the event Labour's proposals were merely cosmetic, a diversion of modest amounts of public finance to certain selected areas, a new enthusiasm for fostering small businesses and a promise of 'partnership' in fighting the problems faced by some of the worst affected areas. Even that modest commitment is fast disappearing and one is sometimes tempted to suggest that the major effect of the short-lived governmental concern with the inner city was to provide funding and legitimacy for academic researchers. Much of their work on the structural causes of inner-city decline leads one to question whether their (overwhelmingly) liberal, social-democratic proposals for policy reform *could* have made an impact on the real economic and political structures of the inner city.

The economist's work is well represented by the two collections edited by Evans and Eversley, and Cameron. Even here the obsession with an area-based perspective takes its toll. The first of these volumes is largely devoted to detailed empirical accounts of changes in the industrial structure of selected cities or parts of cities. This documentation is useful, yet only the important paper by Massey and Meegan — which examines the impact that the general restructuring of manufacturing industry has had on inner cities — contains any clear account of ways in which the global development of capitalism is responsible for localised deprivation. This book also provides a wonderfully clear statement, by David Eversley, of the academic reformers' inadequate assumptions about the political process. Eversley writes that he and his contributors:

> want to show that the dialogue between administrators, academic researchers, legislators and practitioners continues in a climate where there need not be despair that the case for change is not heard . . . the workmanlike analysis of certain phenomena *can* lead to appropriate remedial action, and . . . neither the official mind nor the owning and managing groups in society are monolithically opposed to change.

The Cameron collection broadens the focus somewhat. Here the area for concern is the conurbation. In a rather uneven series of papers, problems of employment, public finance, housing, transport, education and government are discussed. Again the editors' conclusions are relatively optimistic but only because based on a conception of political possibilities which by now seems rather naive, or at least overtaken by the reality of the present government. Cameron accepts that the economic forces which are afflicting the cities are unlikely to be reversible but argues that, as long as governments continue intervening to modify market forces, things need not become too desperate.

Donnison and Soto's *The Good City*, which examines the reasons why certain areas of the country have provided greater prosperity more equally distributed than others, does begin to raise more penetrating questions about the political context even though it too falls back on conclusions which stress the value of rational informed debate and the continuance of reformist policies. In particular these authors point strongly to the marginality of the concerns of the most deprived to the interests of the organised working class, represented by the Labour Party and the unions.

This is a conclusion supported by Keith G. Banting's interesting study of three innovations in social policy which occurred under Labour in the Sixties: the introduction of rent regulation after the Rachman scandal; the struggle — led by the newly formed Child Poverty Action Group — to reform child benefits; and the campaign to establish Educational Priority Areas. Banting stresses the lack of pressure from the poor themselves for these changes and their marginality to the mainstream political process. In the end none of these three policies did much to alter the contours of poverty, despite the efforts of the socialist intellectuals and policy advisers who promoted them. Banting concludes:

> Whatever the real potential for change, the position of the Labour Government was unequivocal. Their social policy decisions proclaimed that the tolerance of income redistribution was low, even among many of their manual supporters, and that in periods of slow economic growth the political scope for significant reductions in poverty and inequality was extremely limited. Social scientists could attack. They could make Labour feel uncomfortable about their record. But they could not break the pattern.

The Inner City: Employment and Industry edited by Alan Evans & David Eversley *Heinemann* £25

The Future of the British Conurbations: Policies and Prescriptions for Change edited by Gordon Cameron *Longman* £7.95

The Good City: A Study of Urban Development and Policy in Britain by DAVID DONNISON with PAUL SOTO *Heinemann* £4.95

Poverty, Politics and Policy by KEITH G. BANTING *Macmillan* £12

The Crisis of the Inner City edited by Martin Loney & Mark Allen *Macmillan* £3.95

Neighbourhood Survival: The Struggle for Covent Garden's Future by TERRY CHRISTENSEN *Prism Press* £3.95

Neighbourhood Participation by PETER HAIN *Temple Smith* £4.95

Urban Political Analysis by PATRICK DUNLEAVY *Macmillan* £12.50

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The existence of divisions within the working class is a problem which has gradually become apparent to some of those radical activists who have sought to make a practical contribution to inner-city areas. In her useful essay in the collection edited by Loney (on the whole a rather lightweight series of short contributions), Marjorie May points out that community activists soon began to discover that those whom they aimed to serve often shared many of the attitudes and beliefs which underpinned their own marginalisation and exclusion from the main stream of political concern.

But all too often this uncomfortable point is glossed over by radical rhetoric. Terry Christensen's account of the struggle between the GLC and local community groups over the future of Covent Garden is a prime example of this tendency, struggling unsuccessfully to claim that the more radical of the two grass roots groups active in the area *did* preserve the area for the working class and that this was in part due to successful self-organisation. Yet what has resulted is an influx of middle-class employment and trendy emporia plus rocketing land values. The radical group was led by outside professionals who, whatever their considerable achievements, were unable to sustain a mass-based protest movement which alone could prevent this gentrification occurring.

A far better account of the same history is provided by Peter Hain, who presents a clear and well balanced analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of the radical and reformist elements in the Covent Garden struggle. He is especially interesting about the way in which the participation exercise that the GLC was finally forced into was moulded according to its own concerns rather than those of the protesters. In a well argued final chapter he faces up to the problems posed by the political fragmentation of the working class and by the position of the Labour Party, arguing that community struggles offer an important way forward but only when they are linked with other sectional conflicts, such as those involving the women's movement and the unions. And this 'points irrevocably to links with the Labour Party', and hence to the central importance of the current effort thoroughly to democratise it.

Patrick Dunleavy ambitiously attempts to reorient the academic study of urban politics away from uncritical acceptance of area-based perceptions towards a study of the politics of 'collective consumption' — consumption of goods and services organised on a non-commercial basis by state agencies. He rejects conventional theories which have failed to understand the ways in which governmental institutions and class conflict determine the impact of urban policies. He also points out that, as local election outcomes are determined by the national standing of the parties, local politicians are usually insulated from any necessary concern with the problems of the electorates, although not, it appears, from concern with those of locally powerful social and economic interests. Interestingly Dunleavy, like Hain, highlights the new significance of community protest movements.

Reading these books one is left with a depressing feeling of futility. Even the more positive advances made by the Labour government are now being reversed: the diversion of central government money away from, on the whole, more affluent local authorities towards the inner cities; the Community Land Act (now abolished); legislation to ensure equal opportunities and to outlaw discrimination (now under threat); and the expansion of job provision and retraining facilities (now no more). Market forces are now free to continue their destruction of our inner cities.

Bill Buford

Leave of Absence

Tell Me a Riddle by TILLIE OLSEN *Virago* £1.95
Yonnondio: From the Thirties by TILLIE OLSEN *Virago* £2.50
Silences by TILLIE OLSEN *Virago* £3.50

Tillie Olsen has written only one novel, *Yonnondio*, a depiction of an itinerant mining family in the Twenties, but subtitled 'From the Thirties'. The anachronism is appropriate on several levels and serves as a useful introduction to Tillie Olsen's difficult career as a writer. *Yonnondio*, like its author, is very much from and of America's radical decade, and, fittingly, the first part of the novel was published as a short story ('The Iron Throat') in the second issue of the new *Partisan Review*, then the 'Bimonthly of Revolutionary Literature'. That was 1934, and Tillie 'Lerner' was introduced as the talented '21-year-old girl from Nebraska', on 'leave of absence from the Young Communist League to produce a future citizen of Soviet America'.

Within ten years, the *Partisan Review* dropped its revolutionary tag; the hopes of a Soviet America developed into the nightmare of recalling them; and Tillie Lerner became Tillie Olsen, bearing not one future citizen but four. Moving from one odd job to another for the next 40 years, Tillie Olsen, continually working on a novel about a family kept isolated from the life it wanted to enter, became an instance of the condition she was for ever trying to find the time to describe.

Six years ago, *Yonnondio* was finally published, one of three books which appeared after Olsen was 50. The most recent is *Silences*, a collection of essays and quotes organised around the kinds of silences that dominate a writer's life. The topic of silence is of course common to 20th-century literature; the great 20th-century silences, however, have all been *willed* silences, developing out of a tradition of verbal virility. Rilke's silence of the ineffable, Wittgenstein's silence of the insurmountable, or the postmodernist's felt silence, the impossibility of speech, have all presupposed the occasion, the opportunity of *not saying*. Beckett, even for a silent mouth, will always have a stage. Tillie Olsen describes a different silence — of experiences not expressed because they cannot find a stage. It is a silence not of conception but of production.

For all its limitations, the printed word is secure as the primary agent for recording history, and the book is still an invaluable medium of transmission. But books — for all the democratic history they convey — are expensive commodities savoured in silence, re-

THIS WEEK

Remembering Pasternak and Akhmatova by Isaiah Berlin

*

The wars of Wyndham Lewis

*

Virginia Woolf's suicide

D. J. Enright on the Jonestown massacre; Auberon Waugh on Sydney Smith; Seamus Heaney as critic; "The Songs We Know Best" by John Ashbery

Every Friday 40p

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quiring privacy, space, and a room of one's own. *Silences* urges us to understand that history, like its books, is *made,* an elaborated fiction, determined not by the necessarily dominant events but by the dominant voices — voices inevitably of one class, one race, one sex, and (arguably) one kind of mind. History, that is, is created by those who have the opportunity to speak it, and much is left unsaid.

Most of Tillie Olsen's book constitutes a petition to recognise the extent to which the shape of literary art is determined by non-literary factors — economics and the structure of society. And many of the essays amount to imperatives to re-view — or in most cases view for the first time — writers, usually women, who have been devalued, neglected, or critically dismissed. Alarmingly, Olsen's lists, composed in some instances 15 years ago, read like a manifesto for her own publisher, alarming because it reveals how much of what we know has been, and continues to be, narrowly shaped for us: Virago is remarkable not just for the books it publishes but for the fact that so many of its books had to be published in the first place.

Silences, however, is an unwieldy book. Its idiosyncratic form serves only to inhibit expression rather than enhance it, licensing indulgence. *Silences* is undeniably important, but less for its total achievement than for the occasion of its making — a banner waved on behalf of those whose experiences are still unrecorded.

Tillie Olsen's most significant achievement is in the four stories collected in *Tell Me a Riddle.* Like the non-fiction, the stories are organised around what is not getting said. In the title story, a wife's unhappy life culminates in her determination to live without company, thus raising an enforced condition of solitude to the status of a private dream, swearing 'never again to be forced to move to the rhythms of others'. Her long, uncompromisingly protracted death of cancer serves as the literal and figurative image of a life in which all possible expression has been irrevocably internalised.

'I Stand Here Ironing' is a controlled dramatic monologue of the relationship between a mother and her first daughter, forced by circumstances (having to move, having to find another husband, having to find a job, having to care for the other children) into a series of unavoidable betrayals and desertions. The story ends with the mother watching her daughter on a school stage, transformed from the frail, ill little girl to a stand-up comedian — 'the convulsing and deadly clowning, the spell, then the roaring, stamping audience' — eliciting by performance and charade the approval and warmth never available in the home. 'O Yes', also a story about separation, depicts the awkward transitions of adolescence, the 'sorting out', the alienation of a young white girl from the black friend she has known throughout childhood.

Taken together, the stories of *Tell Me a Riddle* convey a sense of the terrible fragility and therefore importance of community. But community requires communication; these stories insist on demonstrating how impossible to achieve satisfying communication really is and how much it is determined by the circumstances of social divisions and social conditioning. *Tell Me a Riddle* is a collection of painful and moving fictions, giving not just shape to silence, but also a voice.

John Coleman

Cyanide Soup

Black and White by SHIVA NAIPAUL *Hamish Hamilton* £8.50

'This thing' said a fellow passenger, 'has put Guyana on the map.' Prey to a deepening depression, Shiva Naipaul had nearly chickened out during the wait at Piarco Airport in Trinidad: the 'thing' had happened on 18 November 1978, two weeks earlier, when a mixed-up Messiah and more than 900 of his American followers had died out at Jonestown, and the understandably queasy author was en route to making a book about it. The instant explicators, in *Time,* in *Newsweek*, and elsewhere, had already done their duty:

> The impression emerged of a culture overrun by taxonomists of all kinds; who, at a moment's notice, could supply tidy printouts that would explain any event . . . Jonestown and its rotting dead could be swiftly classified, reduced to a few sonorous polysyllables.

And the Pegasus Hotel in Georgetown, capital of Guyana, with its swimming pool, steel band, rum punches and ambling guinea-fowl, proved to harbour a fearsome host of professionals with books on their minds. The irrespressible novelist in Mr Naipaul etches in some of the competition; the reporter, taping himself live in a cassette-recorder, who needed help with the names of trees; the appallingly arrogant husband-and-wife team, finally outfaced; the more endearing guy with a gimmick — 'Sex'. 'Sex?' 'Sure . . . Sex. Race. Suicide. Murder. Corruption. A hot Third World country. That's a classic mix. Pure Graham Greene. Can't miss if it's handled right.'

If you can't join them, beat them. Cast as an intruder, realising the futility of yet another lubriciously detailed account of the last days of the People's Temple (though, woven into his intricate tapestry, there is a sad, policed visit to the muddy, deserted Jonestown commune), Mr Naipaul wanders through present geography, past history, old cuttings, new interviews, as if on some alert but pained private ramble. That there is method in his meanderings soon becomes apparent; by indirections he will find directions out. The tortuous personality and persona of Jim Jones are explored, from his beginnings as a faith-healer in small-town Indiana to the sordid Fla-Vor-Aid and cyanide finale; dozens of witnesses for his prosecution and (to this day) for his defence are adduced, from the defecting Stoens (wife Grace bore Jones the son the fight for whose custody was to bring the Temple crashing down) through an admiring member of the Californian State Legislature, Art Agnos, down to the slippery lawyer Charles Garry. If much was clearly downright fabrication in the glossy brochures which spoke glowingly of fine cattle, artefacts, sound education at Jonestown — a teacher's confessional letter to 'Father' elsewhere admitted: 'Sometimes I'm over hard on the children I teach which I'm sure studds their groth' — yet the aged, the misfits, the delinquent and the deprived, many of them black, who formed the bulk of the commune,

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had arguably, for a time at least a better deal than in their ghettoes back home.

But the larger figures in the carpet — what makes *Black and White* so singular and engrossing an achievement — move us out from the minutiae of fake cures and genuine altruisms, child-torture and multiple sex, out from the perplexed doings of the People's Temple, in short, to the 'deadly drama of ideas'. In the first half of this brilliantly edgy safari, there have already been excursions into the depths of Trinidadian politics over the past decade, with its native son touring a failed showpiece school. Then, in Georgetown, there is a blank dinner at the Pegasus with the once formidable Janet, wife of Cheddi Jagan, head of the PPP and seemingly doomed to perpetual opposition to the utterly corrupt regime of Comrade Leader Forbes Burnham. If this is the Third World, then Mr Naipaul can only wince at its regressive futilities; and he winces most lucidly.

In the ranging and sometimes easy entertainments of Part Two, however, this patrician sensitivity proves impartial; it is the turn of the New World to come in for a deal of stick. The semi-divine dictator 'built his movement on the debris of the sixties; on its frustrations, failures and apostasies'. The campus fervour at Berkeley shifts from the Free Speech Movement to the Filthy Speech Movement. Timothy Leary drifts from proclaiming the dope dealer as the 'spiritual guerrilla' of the New Age into trouble with the law and disrepute; the Black Panthers' frightening prowl mutes to a dithering limp. And, once again, one has cause to bless the born novelist's besetting gift of arguing *ad hominem*. Past issues come alive, flare and die through men and women observed. Huey Newton, ex-Minister of Defence for the Panthers, gropes now for words, waves off a pestering fly, is a dignified spent force. Bobby Seale plans a book called *Barbecuing with Bobby*. The centre has not held.

Or, rather, Naipaul proposes, the focus has narrowed. 'The Me Generation, as the seventies have been labelled, is not a betrayal of the sixties, a falling away from its ideals but its predictable outcome.'

A Swiftean promenade round a New Earth Exposition in San Francisco (whales, earthworms, tofu burgers, Wholism and polyfidelity) and a chill attendance at a self-justifying colloquium (such ex-Jonestown alumni as Grace Stoen and Garry on the platform) — uncharitable masterpieces of engaged reportage — show a barren civilisation gravely inturned, hypnotised by its omphalos, infinitely gullible. It is one man's view and helps to make hideous sense of that flight to a Guyanan graveyard. Naipaul writes as ever with an ice-tipped pen, elegantly summoning laughter that rings like anger.

Among this week's contributors:

PETER FULLER is the author of *Art and Psychoanalysis* (Writers & Readers) and of *Seeing Berger*, a pamphlet to be produced by Writers & Readers in November.

MICHAEL HARLOE is editor of the *International Journal of Urban and Regional Research.*

BILL BUFORD is the editor of *Granta.*

DAVID SWEETMAN's first collection of poems, *Looking into the Deep End,* is to be published next spring by Faber.

Denys Blakeway

Collision Course

Problems of Contemporary Militarism, edited by Asbjorn Eide & Marek Thee *Croom Helm* £14.95

Politics of Arms Control by DUNCAN L. CLARKE *Collier Macmillan* £10.35

Arms and the Men by BASIL COLLIER *Hamish Hamilton* £12.50

In a farewell speech to Congress Eisenhower belatedly warned the American people of the growth in power of the 'military-industrial complex'. The statistics, painstakingly listed in *Problems of Contemporary Militarism,* would have confirmed his worst fears. In 1977 the world spent $400 billion on arms while the US alone employed 400,000 scientists to research and develop yet more deadly weapons. This collection of essays, however, does more than frighten with figures; its purpose is to analyse militarism, the 'well knit and vigorous alliance of military establishment, the war industry, the military research and development establishment and the state bureaucracy'.

The authors of the various essays are uniformly pessimistic. Whether their outlook is Marxist (ironically the view closest to Eisenhower's above) or liberal they share the opinion that militarism is a global phenomenon, the growth of which seems impossible to halt and the effects of which,

Punch

SOME LIKE IT COLD

ALAN COREN, KEITH WATERHOUSE, RICHARD GORDON, HANDELSMAN, SIMON HOGGART, HUNTER DAVIES, CLEMENT FREUD, HONEYSETT, PAUL JENNINGS, MELVYN BRAGG, ESTHER RANTZEN, MILES KINGTON, CYRIL RAY, DAVID TAYLOR, LUDOVIC KENNEDY, E. S. TURNER, BENNY GREEN, DILYS POWELL, SHERIDAN MORLEY, JONATHAN SALE, JAMES WATSON, STANLEY REYNOLDS, FFOLKES . . .

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especially in the Third World, are devastating. 'If we extrapolate from present trends', Marek Thee states portentously, 'then humanity is on a collision course against its own survival.'

Indeed the most important aspect of these essays is their treatment of the development of militarism in the Third World. The 'military-industrial complex', according to Mary Kaldor's short and concise essay, successfully moulds Third World societies in its image. The transfer of a military system of technology leads to its modes of production determining 'a rigid technical division of labour that admits of little variation in the social organisation of the men operating it.' Weapon systems are tyrannical not only because, as Kaldor argues, they impose a social structure on developing countries but also, as is shown by Michael Klare in another essay, the weapons exported are often so sophisticated that they are quite extraneous to the needs of the developing countries. Their massive destructive potential becomes in itself an arbiter of political policies, just as their cost necessitates 'austerity programmes'. Of course human rights must suffer — and this is not hypothesis: the pattern can be seen throughout the world.

The day-to-day struggles of a small organisation devoted to arms control against the 'well knit and vigorous alliance' of military and political interest in Washington is well documented in Duncan Clarke's *Politics of Arms Control*. This book is essential reading for anybody interested in the complexities of arms control on a super-power level and in the enormous might of the political-military alliance. It should also be read, however, by students of the American political system, as Clarke clearly has a fine perception of the realities of power in Washington.

Clarke has written a long and, it must be said, sometimes tedious, history of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency from its establishment as part of government in 1961 to the heady days of Carter's inauguration. Time and again, Clarke reveals, this small, professional agency has been thwarted and prevented from carrying out its most essential work. In 1973 Senator Jackson successfully engineered a purge of its more liberal staff, leaving it both emasculated and ineffective; before that its Director had frequently been ignored or even denied access to the President and afterwards kissinger merely used it as an efficient information and research resource. For a few months it was revivified by Carter who had promised arms control as a high priority. Inevitably, though, it was cut down and humiliated by the replacement of its voluble and outspoken Director Paul Warnke with a man from the military. Clarke is led to the depressing conclusion that:

> ACDA will be permitted to be effective only to a degree. Beyond that point it is thought to be politically hazardous, even for an administration committed to arms control, to permit arms control professionals to play so active a public role.

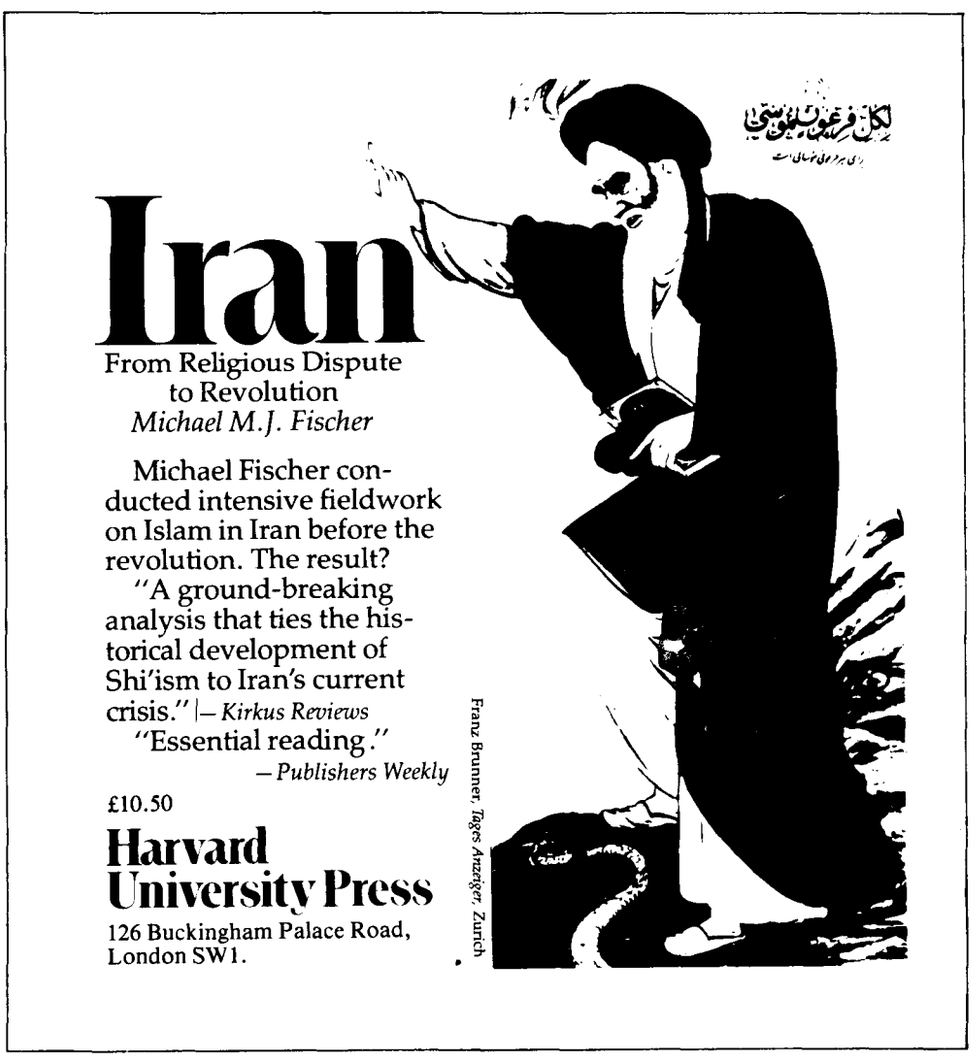
It is not surprising, therefore, that the Agency has been too often ascribed only a 'research role' in SALT negotiations. What makes its lack of power quite plain is the total disregard by the Department of Defense of its legal obligations to inform the Arms Control Agency with an 'Arms Control Impact Statement' of potentially hazardous arms sales abroad. The Department of Defense has blatantly disregarded this law.

Arms and the Men is subtitled 'The Arms Trade and Governments', but the reader would be misled if he thought it was another critique of the 'military-industrial alliance with government'. It is, in reality, little more than the company history of Britain's greatest arms manufacturer — Vickers. Chapter after chapter boringly lists this or that invention, this or that sale, this or that merger. The moral problem of the arms trade is dismissed as non-existent, and its unpopularity, so great after the first world war, is cast aside as unfounded emotion. Collier keeps a decent distance from the more shady areas of Vickers and of its European counterparts, Schneider and Krupp. Neither the extraordinary Basil Zaharoff, Vickers's most successful salesman, nor his slush fund, is given sufficiently detailed attention.

Mr Collier shows his true colours in the final chapter of political analysis. For instance:

> . . . the Rhodesians [in 1979] have gone a long way to put their house in order, but have not yet been able to comply with the insistence of the British government to come to terms with minority leaders who seek to demonstrate their fitness for office by sponsoring acts of terrorism in which weapons of Soviet origin have been used.

This is a boring book which makes no mention of the workers who built the weapons and has no understanding of the social forces which moulded the arms trade. It displays a profound lack of moral judgment and a plodding, discursive historical method.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Franz Brunner, Tages Anzeiger, Zurich

Brian Martin

Wrong Party

Oxbridge Blues by FREDERIC RAPHAEL *Cape* £5.95
Black Tickets by JAYNE ANNE PHILLIPS *Allen Lane* £5.95
Prison Bars by ARCHIE HILL *Hutchinson* £6.95

Frederic Raphael's *Oxbridge Blues* are set firmly on the main track of the short story tradition, and on the inside track of the literary set. 'Did you hear the news? Hemingway is dead,' remarks a character in 'On the Blacklist'. In 'The Muse', the hero is congratulated on his appointment to a major magazine 'in a pub favoured — for its sausages — by our leading Catholic novelist, when he was in the country'. Arriving at what is supposedly a typical North London party (the host is absent in Corfu 'with Toby Jarrett's wife': the hostess in Viareggio with a Siamese abortionist), where 'le tout Hampstead et ses environs' come and go, the following conversation takes place:

> 'And where's Jay Gatsby?' Colin said to a very dirty girl.
> 'Jay who?'
> 'Wrong party,' Colin said.

Two things immediately become apparent. Frederic Raphael is extremely good at satirising contemporary middle-class life and his conversations are authentic. In 'The Muse' Colin starts off his media career as a Rowan

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Atkinson figure performing a Footlights monologue in which he is interrupted by a monstrous alter ego called Bragg who eventually graduates to an American Professorship and returns to pronounce that 'he saw in the rock group the signs of an end to "pair bonding, the binary fetish and the tight-ass logic of scientific truth-functional analysis" '. Colin and his wife Ellen ascend the social ladder and achieve 'four children, the house in Barnes, the Citroen estate and the Mini and now there was the cottage (and Humbert the pony) near Newbury'. In the title story 'Oxbridge Blues', the newspaper caption under the wedding photo of Victor, a first in Economics, and Wendy de Souza, the fashionable darling of Oxford, the married couple proceed to a 'narrow terrace house in Canonbury. (Doors were only just beginning to turn primrose yellow in the borough)'. What makes these stories so entertaining is their spinning of a good yarn, their sense of paradox, a series of admirable ironic twists and convincing dialogue.

By contrast, the stories of *Black Tickets* differ both in kind and quality. They are more than somewhat alien, all written in a shorthand, colloquial American which often creates a confusing riddle. Is 'Accidents' a short story? Hardly. It lasts a page and is a one paragraph monologue delivered by what seems to be an accident-prone, sex-starved madwoman: 'My sugar is in a panic that melts in your tongue and leaves a tiny hole in what you taste. Taste me Sugar, I'm fried around the edges.' Apart from 'The Patron', a tale in the style of an updated, Americanised Firbank, and a poignant description of a young boys's fatal illness in 'Snow', the action has few sensitive touches, and concentrates on the seamier side of human passion.

Archie Hill's novel *Prison Bars* starts with court proceedings which eventually put Gerry Ingermill behind bars. It is not until half way through that we learn he was concerned with LOE (Lovers of the Earth) in blowing up a petrol tanker close to chloride gas containers on Canvey Island. Things went wrong: people were killed: Ingermill is given life imprisonment. The novel ends with a prison riot deliberately provoked by the warders. This is not for the squeamish. As of late elesewhere, a homosexual rape is described, but in this prison the coup de grace is accomplished with a sawn-off broom handle. An IRA bomber, universally hated, travelling the prison system's gulag on 'the ghost train', comes to a ghastly end. As one character remarks in another context, 'Even a screw's stomach ain't that asbestos lined.'

Nicholas Shrimpton

New Jersey Joe

Loon Lake by E. L. DOCTOR *Macmillan* £6.95

The trouble with Doctorow is that he's twice the man you expect him to be. In part he's an aesthete, concerned to have fun with form. But, simultaneously, the author of *The Book of Daniel* is a dourly political novelist who writes serious books about American economic and social history. Such an unusual combination of interests, inevitably, runs him headlong into a deep-rooted critical prejudice. Our otherwise indecorous age has a surprisingly acute sense of narrative decorum. Modernist formal experiment is assumed to belong to the novel of sensibility, to the exploration of the interior life. On the other hand, though few of us care to be Socialist Realists, we retain a sneaking belief that political fiction should be plain, precise and pellucid. Doctorow's novels, challenge these easy assumptions.

Not all of his difficulties with the English critics, however, can be attributed to an ossified sense that formal East and thematic West must necessarily be poles apart. Making the twain meet is a tricky business and he hasn't always brought it off. *Ragtime* set out to provide a syncopated saga of American life between 1902 and 1917, linking its rapid snapshots of real events with some faint family history and a Marxist conception of the inevitability of war. In America it caught the bicentennial mood and triumphed in the nostalgia market. From the more dispassionate British viewpoint it seemed, like any scrapbook, scrappy.

Loon Lake shows a similar formal daring and exploits it to rather greater effect. Where *Ragtime* offered a linear, historical panorama, the new novel cuts a vertical swathe through American society in a single year, 1936. At one moment our hero is hobnobbing with a coal-baron in a luxurious hunting lodge. At the next he is out of work and freezing in a Mid-West industrial slum. The eccentric handling of the time sequence, and the frequent shifts of narrative viewpoint make these vertiginous alternations all the more striking. Loons, as English readers may not initially realise, are birds which hunt fish by diving into lakes. Doctorow's exploration of the body politic is here conducted by a constant process of diving and rising.

The action begins at the bottom of the pond — in Paterson, New Jersey, where Joe Korzeniowsky is a working-class boy having trouble with his parents. He runs away to New York and tricks his way into a job. But after committing a clumsy theft he is obliged to take to the road, and eventually becomes that most romantic of figures, a roustabout for a travelling circus. Hearn Brothers Carnival, however, is no Dickensian image of the life of the imagination, and Sim Hearn is a world away from Sleary. Instead, this is the book's most extreme example of economic exploitation. At first we are made to feel that the freaks exhibited in Hearn's human menagerie have been rescued from more miserable lives in homes and institutions. But as the season draws to an end (and as the novel's fragmented narrative structure belatedly releases the crucial information) the Roman nature of this circus becomes clear. Hearn prostitutes his exhibits to the warped tastes of his customers. The final engagement is a commercial gang-bang in which Fanny the Fat Lady is murdered in the ring.

Though Joe runs in disgust from this gross demonstration of man's calculating inhumanity to man, the very woods into which he flees have become the property of some not dissimilar capitalists. He finds himself at Loon Lake, the country retreat of a coal and car baron called F.W. Bennett. Here the pattern of exploitation is more elegantly repeated. Joe is engaged as a servant and falls in love with Bennett's mistress Clara. But when Joe runs away with her his poverty rapidly obliges him to take a job in one of Bennett's own car factories. Ground down on the line, he is finally beaten up and falsely accused of murder by company agents.

Violent though such ploy may seem, Doctorow's image of capitalism is less the jungle than the web. The riding and boating and enlightened literary patronage of Loon Lake are shown to be indissolubly connected with the sweat and grime of the Autobody Plant. Characters who appear in one guise in the sunshine of the country estate reappear in another in the gloom of industrial Jacksontown. And the way in which the time sequence of the story is broken, shuffled and redeployed involves not only a perpetual mingling of the two extremes of Bennett's life, but also a perpetual mirroring of its cruelty in the brutal glass of the circus.

Doctorow's formal innovations, in other words, are here a mode of intensification rather than complication. Though his methods may seem oblique, he is actually driving home some familiar parallels by violent juxtaposition. And though his purposes may seem detachedly historical, his final page asserts a sudden contemporary relevance. Joe, have unexpectedly become Bernett's adopted son, goes on to enjoy a successful career as an agent of the CIA. A second life-style, that of an unsuccessful poet called Warren Penfield, provides a counterpoint in the form of a kind of spiritual picaresque. But in the end its effect is marginal. *Loon Lake* remains a strong but simple book. The feverish haste of *Ragtime* has been cured. But Doctorow's narrative sophistication and political engagement still await a corresponding subtlety of thought.

In Search of the Constitution

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David Sweetman

Princely Pyknic

A Smile in the Mind's Eye by LAWRENCE DURRELL *Wildwood House* £3.95
Collected Poems 1931-1974 by LAWRENCE DURRELL *Faber* £9.00

Senator Day in Gore Vidal's *Washington DC* was sustained by the belief that a few weeks rest would rejuvenate him:

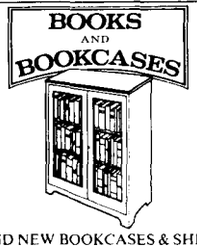
> Whenever he chose, time could be reversed. Diet, exercise and the implimentation of goat's glands would make the loose skin taut, the muscles firm, the sex responsive.

This common enough fantasy must have been in Durrell's mind when he met Johan Chang, a Chinese visitor to his Provençal home:

> There was a Chinese youth standing at the open door of a carriage waiting for the speed to slacken . . . It was a little while before I found out that this slim Chinese youth was around sixty years of age!

Chang and Durrell had corresponded on Taoism, which had fascinated Durrell since his youth. Now Chang had come for a long weekend bringing the manuscript of his book which (crudely put) was a guide to long life and health by spiritual and physical control. The weekend was a great success and Durrell has written it up in a short 'document': *A Smile in the Mind's Eye.* Chang's physical controls involved the fastidious preparation of vegetables, and equally fastidious sexual control, with only one orgasm per hundred love-encounters. *A Smile in the Mind's Eye* is the happy cry that Senator Day would have given on being told that his belief in restoration was justified, but it can be seen not as some late-in-life renunciation of the flesh so much as the apotheosis of a consistent underlying faith in mental control. As a young man Durrell was, as were Auden and others, interested in the theories of Groddeck that were distilled in popular belief into the extreme view that all illness is of the mind and therefore curable by will-power. But a more durable influence on Durrell has been Kretschmer who attempted to match physical attributes to mental states, dividing us into pyknics (short, fat and hairy) and leptosomes (thin and tall). As Durrell puts it in a poem written in 1960:

> The pyknic is the prince of these
> And glorifies his mental status
> Not by his acts on mind's trapese
> But purely by divine afflatus.



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In physical type Durrell is a pyknic and the appeal of Kretschmer's theory to writers of fiction is obviously the justification it gives for the novelist's presumption that he can tell what people are thinking and feeling though he may have done little more than look at them. A poet's interest in Taoism is equally understandable as it is a faith that has at its core a single great poem but regretably, all attempts to explain the joys of Oriental beliefs sound to me like the blurbs on Sixties record covers:

> The atmosphere was one of calm elation, that special joy when Dharma-crafted beings meet together.

Hey-ho and we're back in Woodstock!

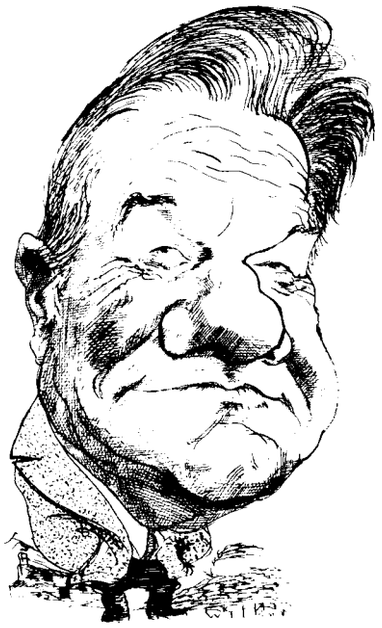
It is the sexual aspects that come most strangely from Durrell's pen, a confused desire to have back what is lost of youth and sexuality while simultaneously decrying them and lauding a presumably unchosen state of abstinence. There is even a passing nod to St Augustine, a strange bed-fellow for a one time follower of Henry Miller.

Augustine was, as Dame Rebecca West points out in her biography of him, an artist manqué. His achievement is such that even in attempting to liberate us and themselves from him, modern authors such as Lawrence and Joyce have been perversely obliged to concern themselves with his conceptions. Happily, there's still a great deal of the pyknic wrapped round the budding ascetic who as yet displays none of the customary peevishness of the convert to self-control. Rather this document is full of laughter and good times — how delicious Chang's leeks were, how regal he looked, how silly they were when, practising yoga movements, they found themselves waltzing round the veranda like the whisky sodden Kawaguchi's in *Esprit de Corps.* Durrell's eye is undimmed; he remains a marvellous raconteur.

Later in the book, Durrell describes a youthful relationship with a girl he calls Vega, which seems to be presented as approaching the ideal Tao love-match and he concludes that these events and an awareness of his interest in Taoism are clues to the 'inner autobiography' of his early poems. This should be timely as these have now been brought together in the new *Collected Poems 1931-1974,* but any direct Taoist influence is not easily apparent. The most frequent religious references are to conventional Christian symbols or through an appreciation of the Deus Loci:

> safe in your natal shrine,
> landscape of the precocious southern heart,

And this is the Durrell we inevitably look to to give us the sense of place, the feel of the Mediterranean world. Oddly, it is this that has led to much misunderstanding. Despite a life of considerable movement and adventure, there is a view of Durrell as a lotos-eater, too long removed from England and its preoccupation with social minutiae to be able to use the language without some appalling 'southern' excess. The other received opinion is that his poetry does not develop, it is workmanlike but limited, and he seems to agree with this assessment, having divided previous collections into themes as if to confirm the idea that time and development are not important to his work. Now this latest collection is arranged chronologically allowing us to come to our own conclusions and the first thing that becomes apparent is that far from being uniform his work is episodic in a way



that is directly related to his life. The best work was done in the 12-year-period that begins with *On First Looking into Loeb's Horace,* (1943) and which can be rounded off with *Bitter Lemons* (1955). This was the most turbulent period of Durrell's life, from the war years in Egypt through to the distress of Cyprus, a watershed in his writing. Far from having a limited view, Durrell shows an unusual flare for a great variety of places and experiences and a deep appreciation for cities and buildings:

> The pools of burning stone where time
> And water, the old siege-masters,
> Have run their saps beneath
> A thousand saddle bridges,

In fact cities, or what remains of them, produce an imagery that is pleasingly up-to-date; as in Rhodes:

> death-mask of a Greek town.

And, of course, *Alexandria:*

> At the doors of Africa so many towns founded
> Upon a parting could become Alexandria, like
> The wife of Lot — a metaphor for tears;

Durrell can achieve larger effects, too, poems that struggle against the blandness of a highly competent technique, poems like the Browningesque *Byron* or, a personal favourite, *The Parthenon.* So why then write *A Smile in the Mind's Eye?* If he is producing new work like *Vega,* a fine poem based on the relationship already referred to, and another new poem, *A Patch of Dust* about Vincent Van Gogh, then why not revise his own opinion of himself, get down to a little judicious pruning and start aiming higher? If one believes that will-power can transform the body, then why not apply the same psychic energy to the creative process? The answer may lie in a poem written in 1946, an autobiography in verse: *Cities, Plains and People,* which takes us through his childhood in India, through the hated period of school in England, the rejection of London, on to the Greek island, up to the War and just after, a discursive poem which reads now like a personal manifesto and which contains a rather non-Tao acceptance that:

> Art has limits and life limits
> Within the nerves that support them.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Savoy Cabbages and Kings

ANNE KARPF attended the presentation of this year's Pye Radio Awards and came away with mixed feelings. Her report follows.

For an annual spot of bathos, The Society of Authors Pye Radio Awards can hardly be bettered. Through the brokerage of Pye Ltd, and under the cloud-spattered ceiling of the Savoy, high culture and popular culture meet in a beanfeast with the merest pretence of dialogue. It's the product of the unlikeliest of couplings: the Society of Authors, beavering away with sobriety and diligence for the advancement of the radio writer, and Pye, trying its hand at good works and giving its distributors a lunch on the town to boot.

The result is that the event is peopled with equipment dealers like my neighbour at lunch (who frankly doesn't have time to listen to the radio) perfunctorily applauding some of radio's most creative talents. What's worse is that the awards' presenters deflect all attention from the recipients: Big Names like Vera Lynn, Ken Dodd, and the echt Walter Gabriel and Peggy Archer are hauled in merrily to mispronounce plays and their authors and do their star turns before getting on with the business at hand.

That said, the marriage of Pye and the Society of Authors is to be applauded, since it is the only major set of prizes to reward radio writing and production in both drama and documentary, and is a welcome morale-booster. It was particularly pleasing that this year, when BBC drama is so vulnerable to cut-backs, the dramatic winners were generally of a high standard.

The award for an original single play was won by Catherine Lucy Czerkawska (duly mispronounced) for her play for BBC Radio Scotland *O Flower of Scotland*, a drama about rape which succeeded in being both impeccably feminist and undidactic. She showed, with unsensational intensity, how a staid middle-aged Scottish woman was raped by her husband's friend, and how the experience forced certain realisations upon her as no one (including her husband at first) except a woman friend believed her version.

In its broader theme, a study of machismo which used social as well as psychological explanations to account for rape, it recalled last year's winning adaptation, Tom McGrath's play about Jimmy Boyle, *The Hard Man*. But Czerkawska provides a woman's perspective on Scottish society, with its glorification of hard-drinking violence.

Denys Hawthorne's winning adaptation of Jennifer Johnston's novel, *How Many Miles To Babylon?* for Radio 4 combined crisp dialogue with narrative force and momentum in a tale of friendship of different classes (as in Bertolucci's film *1900*) embedded in war, to illuminate the nature of bourgeois society and the incipient Irish Republican movement. Perhaps not the most distinguished adaptation of the year, nevertheless it achieved bleak poignancy and a skilful dramatic climax.

David Spenser might well have been thought mad to attempt to adapt Peter Shaffer's *Equus* for radio: disembowelled of its compelling theatricality (electric scenes with stylised horses' heads in the National Theatre production), what could be left but a sub-Laingian version of *General Hospital*? Yet his success won him the best production prize (for the second year running). He used radiophonic acoustic effects for the horses — though the judges praised his restraint in this regard — and highlighted the intimacy and power of the boy's sexual yearnings as theatre cannot. The radio production also brought out the play's central moral dilemma — should you strip someone of their passion, however destructive? — with almost unbearable personal force.

A trio of fine performances won awards. Norman Rodway and Warren Mitchell jointly took the best actor prize for their tour-de-force in Radio 3's memorable *Faith Healer*, four superb monologues which prismatically described the same events. Rodway was the itinerant faith healer, using eloquent blarney where honesty pained too much and Mitchell was his managerial sidekick, a vulnerable pleb and affectingly loyal. (Both *How Many Miles to Babylon?* and *Faith Healer* were produced by Robert Cooper, a BBC drama producer in Northern Ireland — a talent to watch.)

Yvonne Bryceland, in Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena*, had to show nothing less than the liberation of the human spirit, and did it convincingly. As one half of a peripatetic bush couple, and cruelly buffeted by her partner, she was required to range from cackling hag to tender woman, and for all her specifically primitive manner, there was something universal in her portrayal.

The Gold Award allows homage to enduring talent: it acknowledges an outstanding contribution to radio 'over the years'. This year's popular recipient was Alfred Bradley, the BBC drama producer who has been patron to a host of now celebrated writers, especially in his programme *The Northern Drift*. Bradley has been characterised as midwife to the gritty northern realism school of writing, but his range is much wider than that, as evidenced by his outstanding recent productions of John Arden's *Pearl* and Arden's adaptation of *Don Quixote*.

It's difficult to enthuse so readily over two of the speech prizes. Radio Orwell's *The Right to Work* struck me as an extraordinary choice for the Current Affairs Award: this 13-part series on industrial relations and growing unemployment was conceivably notable for the nature and extent of its undertaking — a current affairs blockbuster on commercial radio. Yet in form it dully mimicked Radio 4, anxiously patching together diverse views occasionally interesting but together uninformative and unoriginal. Metro Radio won the Local Radio Award for *Go Freight*, an investigation *Checkpoint*-style of a local discount club allegedly fiddling its customers. It was a decent enough programme — and a suitable subject for local prodding — yet it lacked *Checkpoint*'s virtues (Roger Cook's dry humour) while sharing its faults: there's nothing like a dose of investigative journalism to convince you that all's well with the world, save the odd rotten apple. While not diminishing the hardship caused by petty crooks, I yearn for such reports to widen their focus, and add a touch of politics.

Critics have been mourning the decline of the radio talk for years, but Michael Elkins's *A Jew at Christmas* rudely disproved them. Elkins's news reporting from Jerusalem has been much arraigned for being partisan, yet here he revealed that his gifts are precisely fierce partisanship. His producers expected him, he declared, to deliver a script of seasonal ecumenical harmony. He wasn't going to comply. Instead, he was going to talk about how unchristian Christians were, how for years they wouldn't let Jews into their holy places in Israel, how in the Thirties he was kicked and called kike by American Christians in the name of cultural assimilation, how he abandoned his Jewish culture and his Yiddish until he walked into Dachau with the American army and a skeletal inmate addressed him in Yiddish. With beautiful and passionate writing, he exploded through gentility, and let nothing extraneous intercede between his emotions and the listener. I wept.

Alan Haydock's fine feature *Dunkirk 1940* (Radio 4) demonstrated the virtues of a simple, unadorned form: with a patience in recording praised by the judges, he used the testimony of ordinary men and women to illuminate this historic event, so that the minutiae of messy war emerged with force. For the rest, Radio 3's marvellously anarchic Ivor Cutler lost out in the comedy category to Radio 4's *Week Ending*, which, savagely unrespectful of persons and sacred cows (from Northern Ireland phone-tapping to the royals), nevertheless strikes me as all too often unfunny. And what more can be said about the *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, winner in the Young Listeners' category? Nothing by me, with my innate antipathy to zaniness. And what is a young listener? On Radio 4, it could be 14 or 28. Yet this new category is to be welcomed, since it may actually generate some 'young radio', at present notably absent.

Rock Records

Mark Kidel

Masks for Rent

Rock is entertainment — both a window into the world and an escape from it — and by its very nature, it deals in the currency of that grey area between reality and illusion: its characters never quite believable, assuming a multitude of masks as they step on to the stage, leaving their private personae behind. David Bowie has, perhaps, more than any other rock star, played a number of parts to perfection, and certainly more consciously, for ever obscuring his true meaning, hiding behind metaphors and ambiguities. His latest album *Scary Monsters* (RCA 5 BOW LP) is no exception, a thoroughly contemporary ex-

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ploration of the shadow side of our culture, where there are 'more idols than realities'. Bowie has successfully enlarged the boundaries of acceptable popular music, and, as usual, the music on this album, with Bowie's regular band assisted by Robert Fripp, Roy Bittan and even Pete Townshend, is dense and seemingly impenetrable; but, as with Bowie's many personae, it is not what it seems, and it reveals, with familiarity, a complex network of textures, rich in surprising effects and innovations. Great care must have gone into the creation of this record; so much so, perhaps, that a certain coldness results, a precision that comes from too much theatrical manipulation.

The self-consciousness of the Revillos — in great contrast to Bowie's — is exuberant and superficial. Almost over-burdened with myth, they celebrate a world of juke-boxes, motorbikes, beaches, straightforward 'boys' and 'girls' with straightforward emotions and a time (long before the school-leavers' dole queues) when there were much clearer *rites de passage:* or at least when it seems to us, looking back, as though the first kiss and cigarette were a simple explosion into adult life. For all their sophistication, the Revillos are — judging by their first album *Rev-Up* (DinDisc DIDX 3) — as prone to nostalgia as any revivalist, looking back in order to avoid seeing too much of what is around today. They look forward as well, with crazy futuristic costumes and hairdos, but this too hints at the past, with echoes of the cheap sci-fi of the Fifties, an apt complement to the uncomplicated bounce of their music.

It is not surprising that fantasy should be so fashionable, considering our renewed consciousness of nuclear madness in high places; and there are plenty of musicians who find they cannot just turn away and pretend it could never happen here. Kate Bush sings of the day when chips of plutonium are twinkling in every lung in a deeply moving and very simple song called 'Breathing', one of several remarkable tracks on her latest album *Never for Ever* (EMI EMA 794); and XTC (on *Black Sea* Virgin V2173) sing of 'generals and majors [who] seem so unhappy less they got a war', but in contrast to Bush's quiet cry of horror, they present the insanity we confront daily with the same bounce as the Revillos.

Kate Bush possesses a voice that grates — and then, by some stange alchemy, seduces. It is the uncanny voice of a little girl who knows a great deal, a welcome release from the strident assertiveness of so many identikit lady vocalists who model themselves on Patti Smith or Siouxsie. She is hardly as simple as the zaniness of a song like 'Violin' — with its banshee screams à la Lene Lovich — would suggest, and her new album displays a wide range of emotions; the child-like innocence, which is the mask she wears most often, makes an anti-nuclear song like 'Breathing' considerably more effective. XTC wrap the nuclear question in fun, hopefully with enough subtlety to conserve their message. They are as aware of masks as Bowie, but they choose not to play around with them: their songs are appealingly straightforward, never oblique, although often very hard-hitting. 'Travels in Nihilon', the grimmest track on their excellent new album, goes further and deeper than any of the many other dark night of the soul searchings so common in young rock today. It is a song entirely without sunshine ('there's no youth culture/Only masks they let you rent'), revealing a rare lucidity about the trap into which we all so easily fall: 'Fashion, their vampire/drags itself across your back/as you fall from style/it waits rebirth on its rack.' XTC are not immune from this new production-line cavalry, but they choose to live in conscious ambiguity, content with the surrogate ecstasy that their clever name suggests — the everyday emotions that we make do with *faute de mieux. Black Sea* is, for all its inherent pessimism, a very exciting album.

Although they have proven staying power, XTC's high quality is not unique in British rock, judging by the variety and vitality displayed on the recently released Rock Against Racism album (*RAR's Greatest Hits* RAR 1 LP), a compilation of superbly recorded live tracks from various concerts held around the UK over the last three years, featuring the cream of agit-rock 'n' reggae, from Elvis Costello, the Members and Stiff Little Fingers to X Ray Spex, Steel Pulse and Aswad. All the royalties are being donated by the bands to Rock Against Racism. The collection reflects the overtly political nature of so much popular music today — at least in Britain, for in North America, most rock has edged away from politics since the end of the Vietnam war, either towards the introspective world of art-rock, or into the middle of the road and commercialism. Martha and the Muffins *(Trance and Dance* DinDisc DID5) are a Canadian band with two vocalists called Martha. They are firmly in the art-rock mould, not altogether uncommitted as their sharp song 'Suburban Dream' ('you won't get mugged . . . no cockroach bugs') clearly shows, but they lack the vigour of many English bands. They are mostly a little too deadpan for either trance or dance, but they can on occasion, as on the album's title track, move beyond the slightly restless uniformity that they apparently cultivate.

Bruce Springsteen is one who casts himself unashamedly in the role of a traditional rock hero: his songs are about cars, freedom, moving on, love lost and found, and (what else?) death on the highway, all well-worn but still-favourite themes of folk, blues and rock in the USA. He sings from the point of view of the 'ordinary' American man, the simple, anonymous and mythical hero of the Republic who wants to make good. Springsteen's new double album (*The River* CBS 88510) stretches his undoubted talents well beyond their natural capability, and it is a relentless and at times repetitive collection of heart-rending ballads and fierce rockers, all of them related to the gap between desire or longing and reality. It is in some ways the essential American tragedy — a backstreet drop-out's equivalent of the loss of faith that followed Vietnam — all of it slapped down on record with unequalled passion and a typically transatlantic relish for clichés and overkill. The best moments are truly sublime, as they always are with Springsteen, and the E Street Band provide far more than a mere backdrop to the lyrics: they create the tension which underlies the atmosphere of perpetual longing that colours all four sides of *The River,* a sound with many warm echoes of all the rock and soul music of the past 20 years. Bruce Springsteen — and rock 'n' roll — are essentially American, and he cannot be fully appreciated — let alone understood — without reference to the burning quest that characterises the spirit of the new world; it is a desire for movement and change without the slightest element of subtlety, a passion which turns easily into anger and disillusionment.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Gentlemanly

The Importance of Being Earnest by OSCAR WILDE *Old Vic*
The Streets of London by DION BOUCICAULT *Her Majesty's*
The Last of Mrs Cheyney by FREDERICK LONSDALE *Cambridge*
Rise of the Old Cloud by MIKE DORRELL *Tricycle*
Womberang by SUE TOWNSEND *Soho Poly*

Who is Gribsby, who Moulton? The answer to the supposedly tantalising question with which I coyly ended last week's review is that they are the two characters who were ditched by Wilde when he reduced *The Importance* from four acts to three back in 1894, and are now restored to their original stature by Frank Hauser's production at the Old Vic. Moulton turns out to be the gardener at Jack Worthing's country house, and has nothing to do except look rustic, clip the hedge, and opine, in response to the comment that German is spoken by people who live in Germany, 'I dun 'old wiv vem furriners'. Gribsby is a solicitor and superficially more important, since he arrives with a warrant for the arrest of Ernest Worthing, who has run up a debt of £762 gorging himself at the Savoy. The joke, of course, is that Ernest is the name Jack uses in town, but pretends in the country to belong to a scapegrace younger brother, under which guise his friend Algernon has inveigled his predatory way into the house. For a moment it looks as if Algy may be hauled off to Holloway; but pretty Cicely intercedes for him, and Jack pays the bill, closing the incident.

In other words, Gribsby is a brief detour in a plot that continues unaffected by his intervention, and can therefore be justified only by the incidental amusement he provides. Should we, then, restore him permanently to the play's fabric on the grounds that he gives Algy the opportunity to say, 'I am certainly not going to be imprisoned in the suburbs for having dined in the West End' and (in reply to Gribsby's enthusiasm for the outdoor facilities at Holloway) 'no gentleman ever takes exercise: you don't seem to understand what a gentleman is'?

Somehow, I doubt it. Such flauntings and snobbish posturings have a certain ironic *frisson,* given that Wilde was soon himself to be taking ungentlemanly exercise in the outer suburb of Reading; but they are hardly in his best epigrammatic style. Nor would there seem great profit in retaining the revival's other rediscoveries, mainly a more heated relationship between Chasuble and Prism and a more elaborate hunt for the tome which reveals that Jack really is called Ernest. A contemporary novel which parodied Wilde — 'a morbid and middle-class affair' titled *The Green Carnation* — is among those mistakenly grabbed from the shelves. Yet the evening is of obvious historical fascination, and, in spite of a somewhat muted Lady Bracknell, pretty

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decently performed, especially by Polly Adams and Isabelle Amyes, a Gwendolen and Cicely who cross crochet-hooks with spirit and style.

Certainly, it seemed more worth exhumation than *The Streets of London* or *Mrs Cheyney*. The former involves a malign banker who robs a flawless widow and her progeny of their inheritance, reducing them to a penury which, Boucicault suggests, is far worse for them than for the less genteel. But it would, I suppose, be over-solemn to accuse the play of propagating attitudes to money and class hardly less crass than those it condemns. After all, the twin aims of its revival are to thrill and amuse. The first of these might, however, have been more adequately fulfilled if the most famous scene, the rescue of a document from a fire that back in 1864 realistically engulfed the whole breadth of the Princess Theatre's stage, hadn't been spoiled on opening night by a rural backdrop that dangled, hopelessly stuck, just in front of the flaming windows. The second aim strikes me as dubiously worthwhile, since I'm no more able to see the point of reviving a play in order to mock it than of putting up a placard reading, simply, 'please throw stones at this notice'; but it is admittedly carried out with some success. We laughed heartily enough at death, separation, starvation, a double suicide attempt, love, marriage, and the hero's last-gasp advice to the villain, 'go and live a better life'; at the straightfacedly stilted acting of William Squire, Michael Carter et al.

I suspect the show worked better before its transfer from Stratford East, where the bar and auditorium are spiritually one, and a rumbustious, uncritical and most un-West-Endy atmosphere prevails; and I can see even less reason for untimely ripping *Mrs Cheyney* from its natural habitat in Chichester. This is a superficially unorthodox, essentially cosy tale of a female Raffles (Joan Collins, very svelte) absorbed into the clubby fabric of an upper crust that knows when to wink at sins both sexual and economic. If it and not the earnest concoctions of Unity Theatre had been presented to the unemployed miners of Mike Dorrell's *Old Cloud*, they might have been sufficiently appalled by its portrait of spoiled lives and air of complacent self-congratulation actually to have launched the social revolution for which their author glumly craves.

Unluckily, *Old Cloud* itself is slightly disappointing: a sombre and precise reminder of the miseries the Thatcher government is seeking to revive, but thin-textured and monotonous. None of these adjectives could, however, be applied to *Womberang*, which is *The Bacchae* ebulliently updated and set in an NHS hospital. It could sometimes propagate its belief in liberation with more sophistication; but it's talented and amusing, a memo to the forgetful that the Soho Poly is still very much in the business of discovering new dramatists and enriching London lunch-hours.

NEW STATESMAN

Opera Critic

The NS is to appoint a new critic in the field of opera. The post is not a salaried one and will require about 10 reviews a year. Applicants should write to the Literary Editor enclosing a brief statement of their qualifications and examples of their published work in the field.

Films

John Coleman

Boxed-In

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End (AA) *Paris Pullman*
Wholly Moses! (AA) *Warner 3; Scene; Studio, Oxford Street; Odeons, Kensington and Westbourne Grove*
Forty Guns *Scala; Electric, Portobello Road: various dates*

Of course we can make good British films. Twice in the past five days has your reporter sallied forth from a cinema with an enhanced sense of the human condition, or some such: alerted, amused, contented, rust-free. Go easy on the bunting, though. Nothing has changed overnight in our domestic movie industry. You will be able to see both Dennis Potter's *Cream in My Coffee*, beautifully directed by Gavin Millar, and Mike Leigh's marvellous latest 'devising', *Grown-Ups*, quite shortly — and are strongly urged to do so — but they will be in little, issuing from that home-box for all seasons, by courtesy of London Weekend and BBC TV respectively. The point is not that their virtues are reduced by visual minification (those interested in such optical comparison-shopping might try to catch the Mike Leigh at the forthcoming London Film Festival — two performances on 20 November). What matters is that our fiscally tight little island should somehow loosen up enough to liberate the talents evidenced in such enterprises on to larger canvases. Believe me. Like Tinkerbell, I may snuff it if you don't.

Because to put a slow puncture into that proposal comes Steve Roberts's *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End*, which is not all bad but — as the brain child of Vivian Stanshall, 'well known in the seventies for his humour in the Bonzo Dog Band', and subsequently serialised into a radio cult by disc-jockey John Peel — flirts dangerously with that anything-goes form of tedium masquerading as Surrealism. James (*Finnegans Wake*) Joyce and Dylan 'Llarregub' Thomas are uneasy influences on a mildly scatological stream of non-sequiturs for the eye and ear. Rather well photographed in strange shades of black and white, the affair is best when Trevor Howard's Sir Henry — a super-drunk with martial delusions — roundly sounds off: 'I never met a man I didn't mutilate', or boisterously toys with two German POWs in a camp (*le mot juste*) erected in his grounds. The sublime Denise Coffey also grasps at her moments as a besmirched housekeeper crone, lurching through with foul medical remembrances. There are other intermittent giggles and no Englishman worth his Attic salt wants his sense of humour impugned: it is like the threat of impotence to an Italian. Yet, as even the beatified Spike Milligan ought to be told now and then, the highest Surrealism tends to be underpinned by logical, even technical rigour.

Gary Weis's *Wholly Moses!* is what happened to Dudley Moore after *'10'*, that unhilarious outing which made him a must with women's clubs all over America. Clubbing would be too kind for this prolonged Biblical spoof, which has our short charmer living a flashback as Herschel, always a step behind Moses in leading his people to the Promised Land. With *Monty Python's Life of Brian* still merrily fresh in the memory, this shackled romp testifies more to the perils of mass-hypnosis (when an uncontrolled crowd of comedians have a ball together on location, to repent at their unearned leisure) than to pride in art or craft. *Brian* had a script; this has doodles on sand. A plain girl called Laraine Newman might be a find, with something to work on.

The revival of Sam Fuller's *Forty Guns* (1957) in a good new print is worthwhile, and not only for those to whom any brush with Fuller is a treat. Barbara Stanwyck storms feistily through as hard-riding Ms Drummond with all those hired pistols at her cold command; there is a wonderfully operatic opening and a great dust-storm; never has the phallicism of weaponry been so overtly exploited. Elsewhere in London, something called *Caligula* is believed to be running. Its producer, Mr Bob Guccione, has obligingly supplied the following note. 'I do not expect the press to understand or even like the film, and, because of its extremely controversial nature, its impact and general history, I believe that it would exceed the average journalist's ability to remain objective and therefore fair in his comments.' *Verb. sap.*

Weekend Competition

No 2641 **Set by Maurice Blackhead**

This year's *Observer*/Arvon Foundation poetry competition is being judged by Philip Larkin, Seamus Heaney, Ted Hughes and Charles Causley. It's not going to be easy to write a poem which pleases four such different poets, but we're sure that you — in sixteen lines and by 14 November — can manage.

No 2638 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

A message from any one of the following letter-writers to any other: Rochester, Fanny Burney, Virginia Woolf, Evelyn Waugh.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

Riding on this one was the richest purse in comp history — copies of *The Letters of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, lumniferously edited by Jeremy Treglown, exquisitely printed by Ebenezer Baylis and Son Ltd and most generously donated by Basil Blackwell. A high quality comp, but space shortage this week means that two copies remain, so there's still hope for the rest of you.

Virginia, I write in verse to you from Hell
To bid you come to us, for strange to tell,
There are few women here, and those I trow
Have been, by Cerberus, well used enow.
The Grave's one long embrace — Marvell was wrong —
Swiving more ways than Sodom's walls were long.
Come, grace th'infernal court and lead the balls
With my most pocky friends in Pluto's Halls,
A merrier crew than Bloomsbury could devise,
To change your virgin name — our enterprise.
Fear not infection, Rabelais decreed
Those poxed on Earth in Heaven and Hell are freed.
So, catch a dose before you come down here
Then you'll be clean as me, your Rochester.

F. PITT-KETHLEY

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Dear Miss Stephen,
The reports of your suicide in the daily newspapers I take to be another socialist invention. They would like us to believe that despair has overpowered the enemies of mediocrity. However, I feel you may be contemplating this step as a means of escape from the mentally diseased Jewish draper to whom I understand you are (I cannot say married) annexed. I enclose a pamphlet giving the Church's teaching on *accidie* written by Mgr ffrench-Bryden. His great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was evicted from his living by a canting Dissenter whom the faithful peasantry later castrated.

We had luncheon at the Mitfords last weekend. Do you know them? Father the best type of patriotic Englishman, but the daughters never stop talking, and at least one of them is a howling lesbian. I fear they cannot help to bring my effeminate son Bron to manhood, and are bad for him socially. Yesterday I had to thrash him for using the word 'lounge' of a room in a private house.

Yours truly,
E. Waugh

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Dear Virginia,
Melting phrases round thee move,
Kindling joy with verbal blisses,
Thou canst dress the theme of love,
Glist thy thoughts with muse's kisses.
Angel dew thy writing laves,
Words that dance a prose fandango.
To the lighthouse o'er the waves
The voyage out to flush Orlando,
Between the acts a haunted house,
My heart night and day is laden.
Thou art lioness, not mouse,
I the Woolf and thou the maiden.
Yr. servant,
Rochester

GERRY HAMILL

Tony Miles

Chess

No 204 **Problems 192 and 195**

Problems 192 and 195 came from one of my games from the World Open in Philadelphia which gave rise to several difficult practical decisions.

White: J. Rizzitano **Black: A. J. Miles**

P-K4, P-QB4; 2.P-Q4, PxP; 3.P-QB3?! N-KB3. I do not believe that White's third move is sound and in a normal international tournament I would certainly take the pawn. However, playing to a fast time control I had no wish to walk into any prepared analysis. **4.P-K5, N-Q4; 5.PxP, P-K3; 6.N-KB3, P-QN3!? 7.N-B3, B-N2; 8.B-Q3, NxN.** The alternative is . . . B-K2 and hold the strongpoint on Q4 but I wanted to clarify the central situation. **9.PxN, Q-B2; 10.B-Q2, P-Q3; 11.O-O, N-Q2; 12.R-K1, PxP; 13.NxP, NxN; 14.RxN, B-Q3; 15.R-KR5, P-N3** and now we have the position of problem 192. If White simply retreats his rook then Black can castle Q-side and break open the centre with . . . P-K4 with a good position. So, instead, he tried **16.B-N5ch!?**

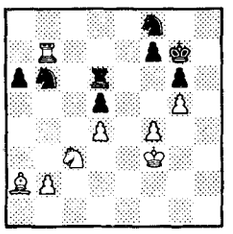
Now king moves are unpleasant on principle and even more so in analysis: 16 . . . K-K2; 17.Q-N4! and if . . . PxR (there is no good move) 18.Q-N5ch, K-B1 (or . . . P-B3, Q-N7ch); 19. Q-B6, BxPch; 20.K-B1, BxPch! 21.K-K1! R-KN1 (or . . . K-N1; 22.B-R6); 22.B-R6ch winning, or 16 . . . K-B1; 17.B-R6ch, K-N1; 18.R-R3. So **16 . . . B-B3.** Now an exchange of light-squared bishops would highlight the weaknesses on Q4 and QB5 and favour Black. Therefore White must try **17.Q-B3!** and if 17 . . . R-QB1? 18.Q-B6 is crushing, but Black has the counterstroke **17 . . . 0-0-0** winning the exchange. However, White's light square control and Black's split pawns give good compensation so the basic assessment of 16.B-N5ch is 'interesting'. **18.BxB.**

As the Bombay contingent has pointed out, White can also try 18.QxB, QxQ (or . . . PxR, 19.Q-R8ch drawing); 19.BxQ, PxR; 20.B-KN5, QR-B1; 21.B-B6, KR-N1; 22.B-K4, R-N3 (!) (there is no good way to hang on to the exchange) 23.BxR, RPxB with perhaps a faint edge to Black thanks to the hanging pawns. **18 . . . PxR; 19.P-QR4, P-QR3** to contest at least a couple of the light squares and hide the king on QR2. **20.B-K4, K-N1; 21.QxRP, B-B5; 22.B-K1!** The exchange of bishops would give Black clear play. Now White prepares P-KN3 followed by B-N2 and Q-B3. **22 . . . P-B4; 23.B-Q3, K-R2; 24.Q-K2.** Perhaps he should have tried 24.P-N3 first. Now after **24 . . . BxPch; 25.K-R1** we reach the position of problem 195, *the critical stage of the game.* White's threats are numerous: BxRP followed by P-R5 blasting open the Q-side, QxP just taking Black's pawns and P-N3 trapping the bishops. It is clear that there is no way to *defend* the position and, consequently, Black must go for all out attack. Hence I chose **25 . . . QR-KN1!**

I still believe this to be best though the outcome is uncertain. Of the more plausible alternatives 25 . . . Q-B5 is met by 26.P-N3, Q-R3; 27.K-N2, P-B5; 28.BxRP and White's play is coming quickly. 25 . . . P-K4 looks too slow after 26.BxRP followed by P-R5; 25 . . . KR-N1 copes better with 26.QxP but after 26.P-N3, P-KR4 (. . . BxP probably suffices to draw); 27.KxB, P-R5; 28.Q-B3 I don't see how Black breaks through. **26.P-N3?** This does seem to be the fatal mistake. Also bad is 26.BxRP, RxNP!! 27.KxR, R-N1ch; 28.K-R3, Q-B5 (or Q-KN2); 29.Q-R5, B-N8! 30.Q-B7ch, KxB; 31.QxR, Q-R7mate. 26.P-R5 is interesting but after . . . P-N4 it is not clear who the difference favours. White's best defence, though, is 26.QxP! when, although . . . R-N3; 27.QxP, RxR3 looks dangerous, after 28.B-K4 it is not clear that Black has anything convincing. **26 . . . P-KR4!** much stronger than . . . BxP. **27.KxB, P-R5; 28.K-N1.** The threat was . . . PxPch followed by P-N7 and R-R8ch. **28 . . . PxP; 29.PxP, RxPch!** The decisive breakthrough. **30.BxR, QxBch; 31.Q-N2, Q-K6ch; 32.K-B1** or 32.Q-B2, R-N1ch.**32 . . . QxBch; 33.K-B2, Q-Q7ch; 34.K-B1, Q-B5ch; 35.K-K1, Q-B2; 36.R-B1, R-R7** aND White resigned.

August prizewinners:— Mr Taylor £16, Mr James £11, Mr Cornforth £10, Mr Sobey £8 and Mr Sahasrabudhe £5.

Problem 204



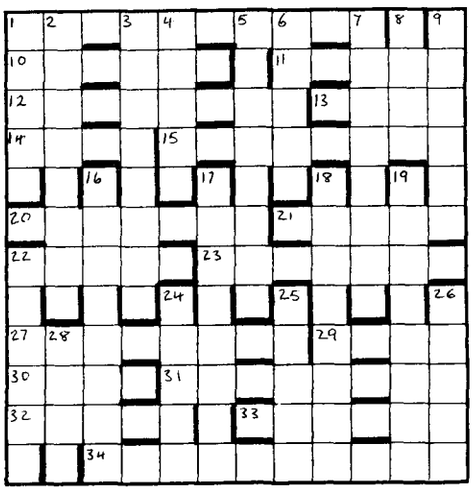
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked no later than 12 November.

Solution to problem 202

1.N-N5! and Black has no good defence to 2.R-B7mate. If 1 . . . P x N; 2.RPxPmate or 1 . . . KR-B1; 2.N-R7mate or 1 . . . QB-B1; N-R7ch wins, and 1 . . . RxPch; 2.K-Q1 does nothing to solve the problem.

Salamanca: 35
'(Extra) Ordinary'

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 35, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 11 November.



Every word is in Chambers 1977. (As a celebrational bonus this puzzle conceals an instruction which should be followed to the ultimate reward.)

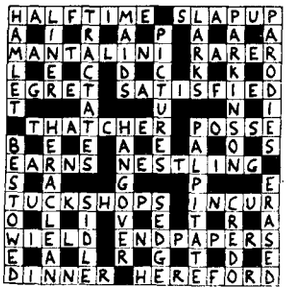
ACROSS

1 See leads to jewellery and clues Mr Williams (artist, *in*) has hidden in books leading to hare? (10)
10 Hunchback after short operation once showing jutting part (6)
11 Long rope one's found in a tree (5)
12 Animals (aquatic sort) rife in course (8)
13 Weep openly about a swelling (4)
14 Radical expression of surprise for one in trouble (4)
15 A sleepy-head's seat in retreat — loathe child sitting in it? (8)
20 To become more difficult to drink among coppers (7)
21 A drunkard when dry's to expand (5)
22 This exam's the most critical — fail miserably having entered only name! (5)
23 Deshabille, showing e.g. leg in abandon (7)
27 Pheasant — snare one without energy (8)
29 Ahoy? Could be the same, but ring for one to come about (4)
30 Hitch — it's certainly hard at first, absorbing one (4)
31 Thereat, perhaps, you'll find Shakespeare opening (8)
32 As fantastic as the heart without regret (5)
33 French cavalryman, see, protecting fort (6)
34 Corrupt election from some Papers i.e., wasn't all rigged? (10)

DOWN

1 Rare leader one's taken into project — a magistrate (5)
2 Odorous old townsman, finding a delay unjustifiable, rises (8)
3 Abhorrent fakir, mostly halt as well, may be found in this empire? (8)
4 Irritate with force in disarray (5)
5 Bring up silver with polish — no longer bright as old helmet? (8)
6 Black hunting dog (a bitch) (5)
7 Monkey (with monk) a lion's apt to have mauled (8)
8 A sweetly-small sounding case? (4)
9 Creature could be big cat? Gee, that's right! (Wrong!) (6)
16 Natural asphalt found in US — get it in Utah mostly, *mined to the East* (8)
17 Skeletal elements made by phony axe (8)
18 This waly tale possibly a oner? (8)
19 Polishing-disk with teeth of rough stone to turn round (8)
22 For gross seat mostly timber in quantity's required (6)
24 Small piece, Mozart's sixth musical work (5)
25 The pictures produced by crackshots? (5)
26 What you must do to fellow to make worthless felow? (5)
28 Used for thickening our stew, Oxo's core? (4)

Solution to No 1360



Prizewinners to No 1360
L. N. Gray (Haywards Heath)
H. Pashley (Weston s/Mare)
Norman Twist (London)

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APPOINTMENTS

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the following positions:

URBAN RESEARCH UNIT

POSTDOCTORAL FELLOW/RESEARCH FELLOW/SENIOR RESEARCH FELLOW

The Urban Research Unit is a small interdisciplinary group of researchers which has been working on various aspects of urban areas in Australia for fourteen years. It is currently giving emphasis to issues related to four areas, viz. housing, decision making, distributional outcomes of urban investment and employment. It also hopes to contribute to four major themes which the Research School of Social Sciences as a whole is currently considering:
a) The social, political and economic conditions and history of group consensus, accommodation and conflict in Australian society;
b) the implications for Australian social structure and political process of the immigrant melting pot;
c) Australian resource management, economic, political and social implications;
d) Social Justice in Australian society.
The Unit expects to be able to contribute a locational dimension to the discussion of these themes.
Applications are invited from people with backgrounds and/or experience in research in the social sciences. Applicants should indicate their field of interest and what they would propose to undertake if appointed.
CLOSING DATE: 14 NOVEMBER 1980.
SALARY: Salary on appointment will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the following ranges: Research Fellow $A17,739-23,155; Senior Research Fellow $A24,778-29,555 per annum. ($A = UK 48NP). A Postdoctoral Fellow is appointed at a fixed point within the Research Fellow range.
TERM OF APPOINTMENT: Research Fellow/Senior Research Fellow — three years with possibility of extension to five years; Postdoctoral Fellow — one or two years. Applications will be welcome from persons able to take leave without pay from their own institutions.
OTHER CONDITIONS: Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra. The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.
Prospective applicants should obtain the application procedure and further particulars from the

Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

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For application forms please telephone Winchester 4411 Ext. 312 quoting reference 0249, or write to the Head of Manpower Services, The Castle, Winchester. For further information about the post please speak to Christopher Gordon on Winchester 64221.
Closing Date: 17th November

RESEARCH POSITION (15-20 h.p.w.) with US professor for work in London magistrates' courts Jan.-June 1981 available. Write Prof. S. Diamond, 3839 Alta Vista Terrace, Chicago, Illinois 60613, USA.

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF ABORIGINAL STUDIES

PRINCIPAL

The Institute is a Commonwealth Statutory Authority, with a staff of 57, based in Canberra; its principal function is the promotion of Aboriginal studies. Research is conducted in a wide range of disciplines, both from the Institute and by financial support through other institutions including universities throughout Australia. The Institute maintains a major reference library and resource centre, cataloguing and archiving film, tape, photographic and documentary materials, also a publications section, an ethnographic film unit, a national register of Aboriginal sites, and a palaeoecology unit amongst other research support facilities.

Following the resignation of Dr P.J. Ucko, Principal since 1972, applications are invited for the position of Principal.

Salary is currently A$38,281 p.a. plus an expenses of office allowance of $850. Tenure will be negotiable.

Further information may be requested from the Chairman.

Applications together with the names of three referees should be directed to:*

The Chairman of Council
Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies
P.O. Box 553.
Canberra City ACT 2601
AUSTRALIA

by closing date: 31 December 1980

*Opinion may be sought from persons other than those named.

The Institute reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

CAPITAL JOBMATE

An MSC funded multi-media project to link young unemployed people with sympathetic adults who will help to improve their chances of surviving unemployment and finding work.

The project needs a South London Co-ordinator to be responsible for supporting a network of volunteers and liaising with existing "youth work" agencies.

Contract for six months only initially. Salary F.E. LII scale.

Apply: **National Extension College, Jobmate, 42 Store Street, London WC1. Telephone: 01-580 0544.**

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Requires person with experience of working in the arts to be part of a team of four running its small, well established centre, catering for all the performing and visual arts.
Salary £4,000 p.a.
Write for a job description (including s.a.e.) to:
Arts Centre York, Micklegate, York.
Closing date for aplications 17 Nov. 1980.

SHOP ORGANISER

required for small shop selling crafts, books, etc. Experience in retail trade/business administration essential. Interest in development political issues an advantage. Possibility of job sharing. Salary £4,200. Project supported by War on Want.

Details and application form from:

Shanti Third World Centre, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9QQ (061-273 5111 ext. 56). *Closing date 20 November.*

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requires one Full Time and one Part Time person with experience in publishing for office administration/production/promotion in new Central London office.

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UNIVERSITY TEACHER and family (1 child) seek furnished flat with at least two bedrooms for research stay in London, from 1 January, 1981 through 30 June, 1981. Please write: Dr James E. Cronin, Dept. of History, University of Wisconsin Milwaukee, Milwaukee, WI 53201, USA. English references available.

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Fellowships

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

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Applications are invited for **SIMON RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS** in any of the Social Sciences, including Law and Education, tenable during the academic session 1981/82. Values normally within the range of £5,505-£11,575 pa (Simon Research Fellowships) or £11,165-£13,980 pa (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications are invited for **HALLSWORTH FELLOWSHIPS** in advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Industry and Public Administration). Value within the range £5,505-£16,765 pa according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms (returnable by **1 December)** are obtainable from **The Registrar, The University of Manchester, M13 9PL** and enquiries about the scope of the Fellowships are welcomed. Please quote ref: 200/80/NS and state for which Fellowship details are required.

WHOSE SURVIVAL?
A series of day-schools critically examining the Brandt Commission Report.
Commencing **Saturday November 8 at Birmingham University Students' Union:**
FOOD, AGRICULTURE, POPULATION
Speakers include **Gavin Williams, Pepe Roberts.** Workshops.
Details and tickets from
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RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities., Public Talk Sun. 2 Nov. 8 p.m. 'Universality of' Theosophy. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

THE ZIONIST OCCUPATION of Palestine: Commonwealth Institute, London. Wednesday, 19 November, 7.30 p.m. Speakers from NUIS, BAZOPS. Special Guest speaker: rabbi Moshe Epstein (Neturei Karta). Entry by ticket (free) only. Written application for tickets to 'Ticket Administrator, 75/77 Kenway Rd., SW5.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 4 Nov. 'It's My Bowels Doctor' by Professor C. G. Clark; 6 Nov. 'The Courts and the Administration: Lord Denning's Contribution' by Professor J. L. Jowell.

WORLD DISARMAMENT CAMPAIGN 'For Human Survival'. Conference Sat. 8 Nov. 2.30 p.m. NUFTO Hall, Jockey's Fields, Holborn, WC1. Speakers: Lord Fenner Brockway, Ron Todd (Nat. Organiser) TGWU, Ernie Roberts MP. Chair: Lord Underhill. Tkts £1 from Eric Messer, 21 Rydons Lane, Old Coulsdon CR3 1SU or at door.

WORKING CLASS ECONOMICS: Sack Thatcher. Friday 7 Nov. 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London WC1. All welcome. Organised by Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist).

Courses

COUNSELLOR TRAINING 1981/2

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Meetings

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'Beginning a Parent Study Group in Buckinghamshire'. Mrs Anita Abbott and Mrs Vicki Ross Weir. 7.30 p.m. Tuesday 4 Nov. Refreshments from 7.15. Community Rooms, Millman St, (East side). Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

BRITAIN-CUBA Resource Centre Sat. 1 Nov. AGM Reports from Jose Marti, International Brigade. 2-5 p.m. 22 Gordon St, London WC1. 50p. All welcome.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY Meeting 5 Nov. 7.30 p.m. at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, EC1. Frank McElhone MP speaking on 'Overseas Development'. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price 01-870 2233 (office hrs.):

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 6 Nov. 1.00 Tony Benn: A Political Biography. Discussion with the author Robert Jenkins, Tariq Ali and Peter Melchett. Tickets £1.00. 930 3647.

KAMPUCHEA — Marcus Thompson, Oxfam, reporting current situation with slides at Wine & Cheese Reception. Tuesday, 11 November, 7 p.m. Norfolk Room, Caxton Hall. Tickets 50p. Apply Britain-Vietnam Association, Joan Yuille, North Downs, Bluebell Hill, Rochester, Kent ME5 9PA (0634 61575).

5TH KEYNES SEMINAR: Keynes as a Policy Adviser: Kent University, 14 November, 2 p.m. Speakers: Lord Kaldor, Professor T. Wilson; Professor W. Carr, Sir Norman Chester. Tickets not required.

SUNDAY 2nd NOVEMBER Fiftieth Anniversary Conference, 10.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. NUFTO Hall, Jockey's Fields, Holborn. 'The National Health Service — Past & Present'. Speakers: Drs T. Hilliard, J. Dunwoody, C. Taylor, Scott Samuel; Nick Bosanquet, Roger Poole (NUPE), Anne Weyman. Tkts £2 (£1 pensioners/students) from Socialist Medical Association, 9 Poland St, W1V 3DG (01-439 3395/346 5867) or at the door.

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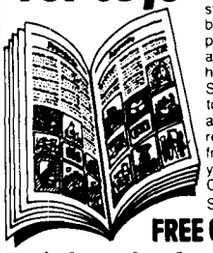

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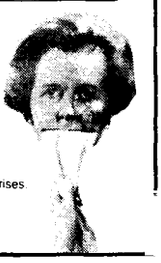

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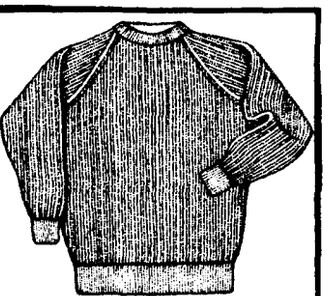

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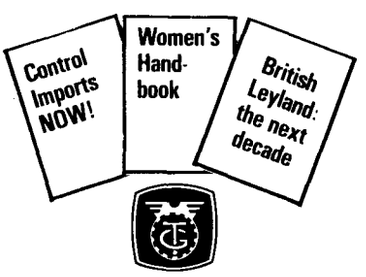

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